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The Canadian Geographical Society

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As one of its major activities in carrying out its purpose, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, the Canadian Geographical Journal, which is devoted to every phase of geography—historical, physical and economic—first of Canada, then of the British Empire and of the other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest. It is the intention to publish articles in this magazine that will be popular in character, easily read, well illustrated and educational to the young, as well as informative to the adult.

The Canadian Geographical Journal will be sent to each member of the Society in good standing. Membership in the Society is open to any one interested in geographical matters. The annual fee for membership is three dollars in Canada.

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CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

Editor

Gordon M. Dallyn

49 METCALFE STREET, OTTAWA

This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustrations, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

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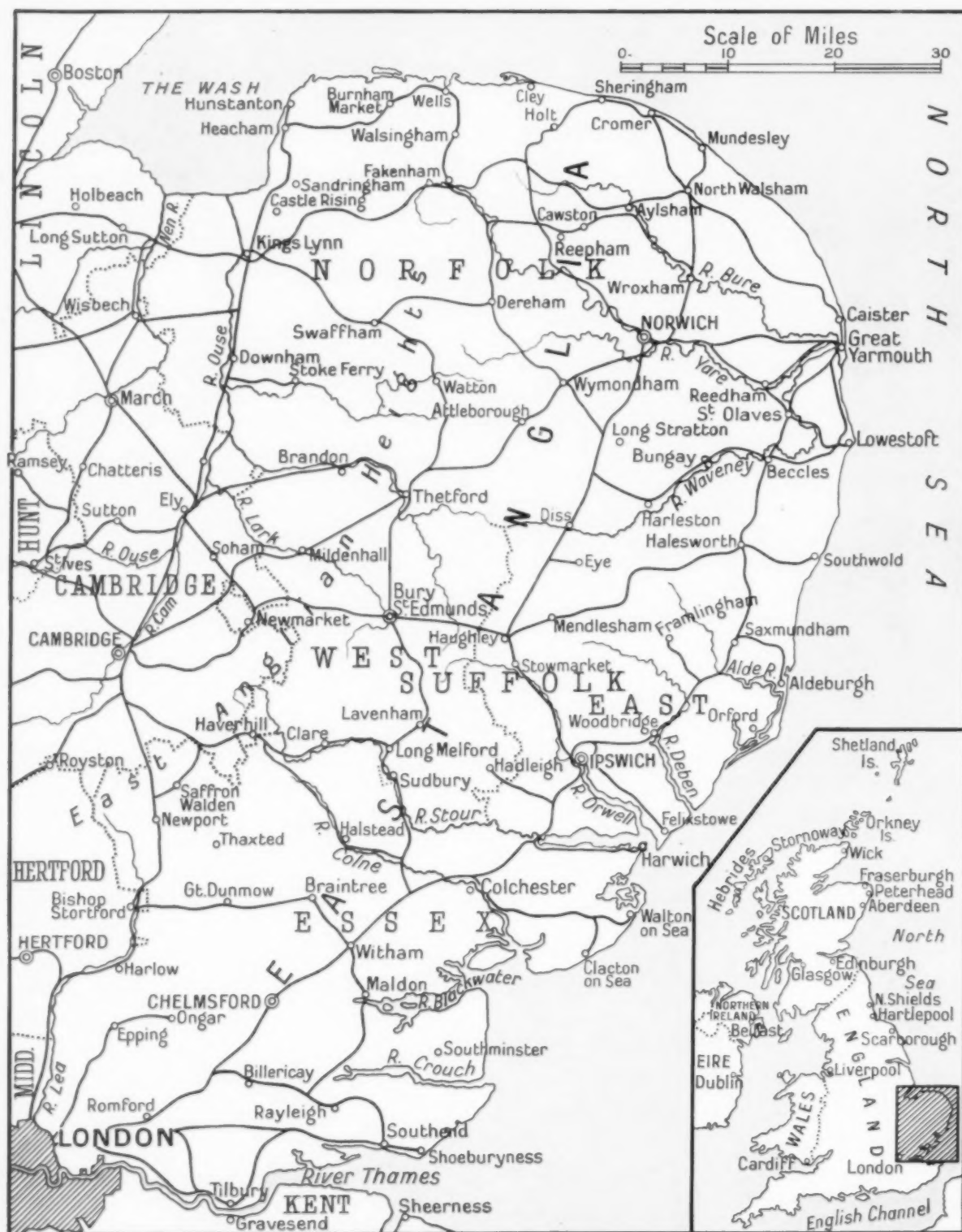
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Map showing east coast of England including East Anglia

Canadian Geographical Journal map



East Anglian fishermen

Jenkins

THE EAST ANGLIAN BACKGROUND

by JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

THE East Anglian herring fisherman has nine hundred years of maritime history behind him, and — for the last two centuries at least — his background has remained very substantially the same. During this turbulent history of his, he has successively met, fought and beaten Dane, Spaniard, Dutchman, Frenchman and German.

In the intervals of fighting the impertinent foreigner, the herring man has been on continuous "active service" against the sea. The North Sea, the British climate and the peculiar ways of the fish have combined to make the lives of successive generations uncertain and unsettled, and there is, in addition, this strange fact that, through all the centuries of his recorded history, the fisherman appears to have been "up against" the economics of his trade as well. It is difficult to believe it, but in the time of the English King Edward VI we can clearly discern an "Eat More Fish" movement: Sir Walter Raleigh might have

been giving evidence before the Herring Industry Board of 1938, for the evidence just before the war of economic competition from abroad was very similar to that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and, in the reign of Charles I, there was a "Buy British" drive on very modern lines.

The Herring Fleet of to-day is a vital unit of all that goes to make "Rule Britannia": a large proportion of our East Anglian seamen are minesweeping under their own leaders, the famous Skippers, who now are uniformed as Royal Naval Volunteer personnel. The rest are on merchantmen, tankers and "dirty little coasters", and many are in the Royal Navy itself: these, for the most part, are sons of the men of the last war, boys whom the depression that intervened between the two wars directed into this more secure career, when their own heritage looked as though it were dying for want of markets for the fish and money for the boats.

It is only by meeting these men and their families against their own unique background that it is possible to appreciate living history and this unchanging part of Britain.

Some thirty years spent in close contact with these people in one of their own (and one of the most famous) "herring villages" has taught the writer something, at least, of the tough fibre and the truculent courage of these men and women and their fourteen-year old lads who go to sea straight from school; something, too, of the astonishing countryside and seaboard, rich in history and living, unchanging tradition. The wide sweep of marshland, sand-dune and broadland with its wind-swept woods and huddled villages and tall grey churches has not changed in aspect or in manner of life for perhaps two centuries.

Every autumn for at least 900 years of its recorded history, East Anglia has seen the crescendo of the Herring Fishing as the Scottish and English herring fleets combine and converge upon Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and — moon and tides being right — reap the final harvest of the fishing for that year. Since early summer the herring shoals have been appearing, in clock-wise progression, round the north, north-east and eastern coasts of Britain: they appear with unfailing regularity and about fifteen hundred million fish are landed every year — first, Stornaway in May, the Shetlands in early June and then Wick, Peterhead and Fraserburgh. As "the Fishing" starts those ports spring to high-pressure activity, and many and varied workers appear to follow the fleet. "The Fishing" means catching and all the activities related to handling the fish: landing, selling, gutting, pickling, smoking, canning and exporting, and it is this cavalcade of industry that shifts round the coasts as the fleet moves slowly south.

In July the Northumbrian coast springs to life; then, during high summer, Shields, Hartlepool and Scarborough are the focus points of activity until, in early October, the Great Herring Fair of modern times opens at Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft and lasts until late in December. In times of peace and during those prosperous years

immediately before the last war, the herring man came home relatively wealthy at Christmas time — if the season had been good, and if his particular boat had been lucky. Then, though he spent freely, he put most of his money back into his boat, which he was probably buying on a modified form of hire-purchase; and a successful fisherman became Skipper and owner of his drifter and, finally, owner of several boats and probably two or three cottages. He has always had the feeling for real estate which characterizes the man whose occupation is uncertain and whose earnings vary.

If you trace the course of The Fishing on your map you are actually drawing a line of living history; for it is impossible to separate the herring man from the unbroken continuity of his background in the story of his country. Over this period of nine hundred years and more from the Roman occupation, the coast-line has slowly changed: the old maps show silting sands and marsh making a broken seaboard, an estuary which has gradually silted up to make the sweep into the North Sea that is now the Norfolk coast-line. During this period the settlement of "Giermud" developed into the small port of Yarmouth, though if you listen to the East Anglian talking you will hear that he still pronounces his port as "Yiermud". Across the North Sea the Dutch were developing the same industry; later they were to throw off the yoke of Spain and to wield a sea power that adjusted the balance of Europe largely because of the riches the herring brought them and the seamanship of their North Sea fishermen. As English, and then British, history progressed, the one safe anchorage between Thames and Humber — the "Yarmouth Roads", became literally soaked in maritime history: battle, murder, wreckage and wrecking, smuggling and piracy and the names of Marlborough, Duncan of Camperdown and Nelson (the patron saint of East Anglia and Great Yarmouth especially), these are part of the tradition that has never died. But the same "plump Hollanders" that were such a worry to Sir Walter Raleigh, who tried to get his

Top right:—The beginning of the East Anglian herring season at Great Yarmouth. White laden drifters come into the haven, others make their way to the shoaling grounds.

Sport & General

Lower right:—"In the intervals of fighting the impertinent foreigner, the herring man has been on continuous active service' against the sea."

Jenkins





A typical East Anglian fisherman's wife—descendant of generations of women who have washed, cooked, painted, papered and run the homes and brought up their sons to go to sea.

Joan Woolcombe

countrymen to take the menace of their competition seriously, these, with the Scandinavians, the Germans and later the Russians, became increasingly a menace to the British fishermen: expedient after expedient was tried through the centuries to buttress up the trade, to alleviate unemployment among seamen, and again and again the economics of the business defeated both fisherman and tradesman alike.

Immediately prior to this war the situation was serious — the human side most serious of all. "You can't just hire and fire the herring man—" said one East Anglian woman to me, seriously. "He's not a factory hand, it takes generations to make a fisherman . . ." And she, the wife of a Skipper, knew. "You'll want us again when the Bosch gets loose", said her husband, once prosperous, then a recipient of "parish relief". That was five months before war broke on us, and now he, his sons and his brothers are sweeping the seas for mines.

After this war, as after that of 1914-18, there will be the leeway of the unswept seas to make up; what fishing that is done this

year, was done last year and maybe will be done next, if the war still persists, is necessarily truncated, though the infinite value of the herring as food is not being neglected, and food is essential as are munitions. But under present conditions, the herring man, his wife at home and his sons in the Navy and merchant fleets and his daughters — making nets, making camouflage nets, working in the Women's Royal Naval Service, in the Auxiliary Territorial Service or in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force — these are now employed and working overtime, happy once again to be wanted by the nation to whom they mean so much.

The Fishing itself — this mixture of science, tradition, luck and superstition — is little known to outsiders in detail and is intensely interesting. The English Herring Fleet, just prior to the outbreak of war, consisted of about 300 "drifters"— those stocky little stub-nosed boats of about 100 ton each carrying their crew of ten men. The Scots fleet may have been from 500 to 550 boats, though the actual "catch" in hundredweight of fish of the English was slightly heavier. In 1935 — a moderate year — some two million pounds worth were landed at all ports, that is approximately one and a half MILLION "crans" of fish and one cran is about one thousand fish.

The luck of each boat varies with the "flair" and the knowledge of her Skipper, and the remaining old-style boat-owners snap up the lucky Skippers as they can. The system of boat management deserves one brief word, for with the explanation comes the appreciation of the "chancey" business that the fishing is. The Skipper is first employed and then, as his fortunes increase, he gradually buys his boat. But the big boat-owning firms (and with recent years the "combines" that seek to buy them out and rationalize the industry) are in the organization to lend necessary cash and manage the business. It is a network of interdependence among fishermen and boat-owners which, under a paternal system in the past, worked extremely well. Until 1936 the fisherman got neither fixed wage nor unemployment money if he fell out of work: he was not a hired man but a share partner. Each man received a fixed allowance for himself and his dependants while he was at sea and, at the end of the trip, part of the net profits after all expenses had

been cleared. When it came to this "share-out" the owner of the boat (who might also be the Skipper but most often was partly the Skipper and partly the boat-owning firm), took more than half—nine-sixteenths — and the remainder was divided among the crew. Possibly the Skipper got "a share and three-quarters" and the last joined lad, (who started, as they all do, as cook) got half of one share. But, first of all, the allowance they had drawn through the weeks of fishing had to be paid off. A bad trip, falling markets, glut of fish, any economic chance, and these men returned home to find themselves in debt rather than credit. With the end of the year the fishing was finished, and, in theory, the money they drew had to last them to the early part of the next year, when the season started again up north.

Since 1936 this has been theoretically altered: the fisherman calls his allowance his pay and his share-out his bonus and thus is made eligible for the Unemployment and other Insurances of the State. This does not, however, benefit the Skipper-owner who, being now his own employer, is outside the benefits accruing to employed persons and, until war made him again an economically desirable unit, he often was left penniless after a bad season.

In November the quaysides of Yarmouth and Lowestoft show the herring season at its zenith and in all its details. The drifters are tied up to the water's edge; steam capstans and derricks screech and rattle; the night's catch is swung ashore in huge baskets ("swills") — two to the official measure of one cran. Men in oilskins, top boots and sou'westers, men in smocks and fur caps, and men in boiler suits, crowd the quaysides. Fish salesmen, auctioneers, boat agents — all these have their little offices by the water's edge. Lorries rattle off with the catches to the gutting yards where the famous Scots lassies clean the fish for export, — or to the smoking yards or to the railheads direct.

The fish are treated in many ways; export catch is at once gutted and pickled in brine in barrels. This process, involving, as it does, the Scots girls, gives the enormous gutting yards alongside the quays at Yarmouth very much the aspect of the traditional "Free Fair of the Herring" of

past times. Other processes, kippering, bloatering, and the curing for various foreign needs in special ways, went on before the war in the sheds and yards. There is tremendous pride in the historic methods and the technique of kippering and bloatering: the slow smoking of the kipper over a fire of oak chips has never been superseded by any better, but has been "faked" by many worse, methods. The prestige of the old-established firms is never likely to be challenged: Woodger's Bloaters, for example, are known wherever an East Anglian is met!

The drifters may have been out all the preceding night: or, if catches were not heavy, a couple of days. If was a famous Skipper who best explained to me the actual business of the catching, and here is how he recorded it, for me, for a broadcast from his own native village:

"Well—the herring come to different grounds every year at certain times. Yarmouth, first fortnight in October, and the best time is when the moon is full and the tides are strongest. We know when to go out and where, mostly from experience that has been handed down from father to son. We watch for signs, too; sea gulls and whales, for instance, and for the water to turn 'milky'. Then we go out from Yarmouth, and we go perhaps to Long Shoal (about thirty-five miles north-east), we steam out all of us and shoot our nets as we call it, in rotation . . ."

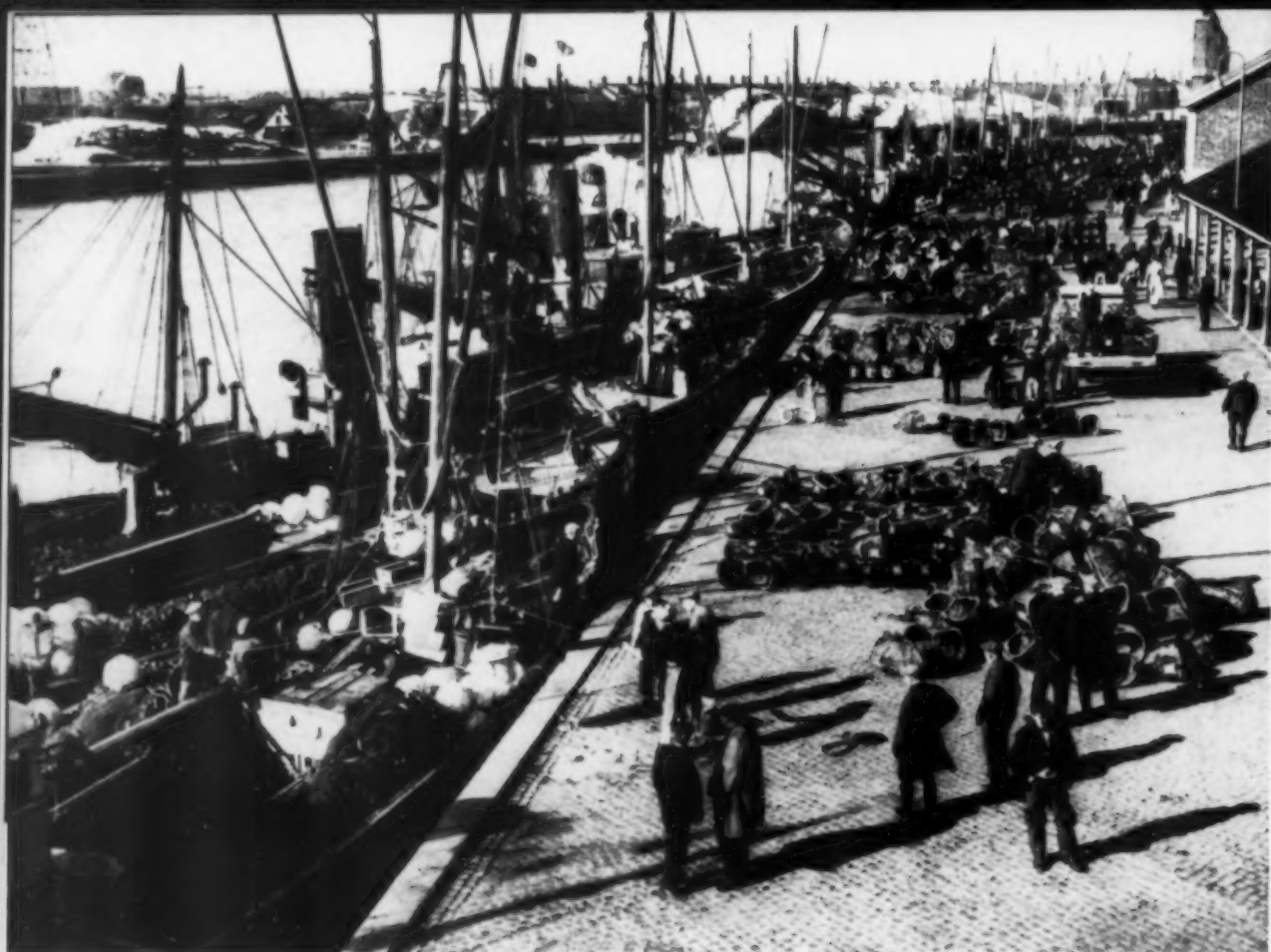
(Here it should be explained that the drifter nets are delicate affairs, and the herring fisherman does not dredge, but sweeps, the sea since the herring are near the surface and are not deep-water fish. Once shot, the nets hang like a curtain under the water, and the boat then drifts with the tide, towing its railway-carriage train of nets).

"If the wind is west we shoot east, and we Yarmouth men always shoot an

Jenny shows how her grandmother braided nets.

Joan Woolcombe







Top left and right:—The opening of the Herring Fishing season at Great Yarmouth. Typical scenes at the fish wharf.



Lower left and right:—Scots fisher girls invade the town and work on the quay.

Sport & General photos



The Mate gives the Skipper the radio report on the weather.

Joan Woolcombe

The harvest of the sea

Stone & Son





Loading barrels for export.

Stone & Son

East Anglian herring ready for the markets of the world

Joan Woolcombe



UW

odd number of nets — say eighty-one or ninety-one. What happens is this, the drifter steams very slowly ahead while two men shoot the nets over the side, letting the warp run out while the mate attaches the nets to it by a smaller rope. The job takes about half an hour, and, if you've never seen a herring net, imagine a lot of curtains hung about nine feet below the surface, kept floating by things like foot-balls, pallets we call them.

The nets hang down about forty-two feet, they're very delicate; we call them 'lints' and one of them stretches about thirty yards, so my ninety-one take up a lot of room. We drift with the tide and the herring come across this barrier of nets and get caught by the gills. We generally haul in the first net again at the turn of the tide to see if the fish have swum across; then, when it's time, I give the word to haul in; the capstan hauls in the warp and the boy coils it away. This hauling takes from four hours onwards and it isn't very pleasant when it's blowing a gale and the sea is breaking over your vessel. Sometimes we get most of our work for nothing, or for a few shillings worth. Sometimes the catch is so heavy that the nets carry away . . .

The Skipper's account is succinct and, of course, accurate, and his insistence upon the delicacy of the nets stresses the fact that these nets are the "real estate" of the fisherman, with the gear and the drifters themselves. But the nets are not insurable, and if they carry away without the total loss of the craft, the owner gets no compensation.

Some boats can salt or ice down their fish and remain out longer; most return rapidly with their catch and hand it over to the intricate shore organization to sell and handle.

But the fisherman's organization is "in depth" (to use a current phrase), and his home village provides him with much he needs. His wife will keep house during the six to eight months he is hardly ever within his own doors, — will manage his money for him and bring up his children and, not least, wash his sea kit, heavy and dirty as it is, when he sends it home, as he does regularly. She knits for him, and the

famous fisherman's "jersies" seem literally to stream from her needles. His daughter, or his sweetheart, — they work in the "beating sheds" as "beatsters"; mending, cleaning, (and these days) making the nets. Since the war their skill has been much in demand for making the nets for camouflage — such as we, and they, see now hiding the tanks and guns that defend us.

The boy who leaves school from one of these villages to "go to sea" at fourteen years of age, leaves comparative comfort (for nowhere in England are the children more loved or better cared for than on East Anglia's sea-coast) for a world that, with coal mining, holds the record for danger and discomfort. He will have been taught the rudiments of cooking at his village school, and with this, and his own inherited "sea legs" as his only stock in trade, he becomes one of the ten humans on the bucking, swaying, smelling hundred tons of iron and oil and gear . . . You must come, in imagination at least, on board that drifter to know what he is up against: — the fun, (for the crew) is to lure the landsman (or landswoman in the writer's case) out for a trip, — preferably on a rough day. The drifter seems even smaller once you are aboard her; the mixed smells of brine, fish and oil even more pungent and quite inescapable. The tiny wheelhouse is just forward of the smoke-stack which, itself, is set well back as the illustrations show. Forward under hatches are the quarters for all but the seniors of the crew, and it is here, neatly stowed with his kit, that the lad sleeps, eats and — when he can — rests.

The decks assist in the sliding progress as the landswoman staggers aft: centuries of modification of design have made the drifter the ideal craft for riding the North Sea — and — *she rides!* casually, up and down immense troughs of slapping, pounding water. Aft of the smoke-stack is the entrance to the accommodation to which the lad just joined may aspire after several years of sea and study and some stiff Board of Trade examinations: now, precipitated into an iron doorway, we find him swaying before the galley stove cooking, while under his feet the engines of the craft throb



Stowing nets before leaving for the fishing grounds.

Sport & General



Old Scottish sailing drifters in the early dawn

Jenkins

and turn, and the smell of the engines mixes with that of the food he is cooking. Down a vertical stairway, past the engine-room entrance and into the cabin proper is a short step, and here is the Skipper with his Mate listening, incongruously enough, to dance music on the radio. Even this cabin is primitive, small, unventilated but, of course, tidy as all small spaces must be on such a craft.

It is a safe bet that neither the lad nor his elders can swim: these men are fatalists, and in addition they are burdened with some of the heaviest kit ever used by workers: once overboard in the sea-boots they wear, swimming — or attempting to swim — is merely to prolong slightly the process of inevitable drowning.

It is in this world that the lad learns his seamanship: when he goes home after his first trip he can swagger about a bit, drink with the rest and indicate to the world that he is now a British seaman:— if, actually, he does drink — for an increasing number of our men neither drink nor smoke. He is also one of a vast tribe that "keeps itself to itself". Our villages

treat the folk from the next hamlet as strangers and those of us who come from any other part of Britain as "foreigners". Intermarriage is the rule rather than the exception: every one is a cousin of some one else in a village of a thousand or so inhabitants, and, since surnames are so often similar, nicknames are necessary and rife. They are many and strange: one sturdy old dame, daughter of a seaman and grandmother of many others, gave her quiverful of sons' nicknames that showed imagination and topical sense: her own father was "Whelks" and her children "Holy", "Stock", "Duckie" and then, unfortunately, "Hard Times" and, finally "Tosh". We have "Gentleman George" and for a whole prosperous tribe, "The Royal Family" — as well as "Bob the Devil", "Gentleman Jack", "Dardler" and "Skuddy" — while the younger generation (myself included) carry the prefix "Girl—" or "Boy—" before their first names, just to remind them of their junior status.

East Anglia has more churches than most districts and this gave our reforming zealots in the time of Henry VIII and

Charles I their chance to pillage, but the churches have recovered to some extent and are now visited by lovers of beauty and history. Winterton Church, in the village of which I am writing, has remained, among many others, as the focus point of the family and local history: the graveyard tells its own sombre tale of drownings and storms and battles, and, in the church itself, unique in England, is the "Fisherman's Corner" where a tablet records those who have been lost at sea since the 1914 war, and the Red Ensign — the "Red Duster", hangs over a crucifix as the colours of the Fishing Fleet. The colours are the gift of the Duke of Windsor who, as Prince and King, was Admiral in Chief of the Merchant Marine and the Fishing Fleets of Britain.

And to-day? Though I may not in detail describe it, the war-time transformation of my coast home is complete: north of us is the land that, not so long back, was successfully invaded by the sea: Horsey went under salt water and devastation was the result. To-day all the coast is under arms, thick with defence in depth, of every known, and many unknown, devices for repelling an enemy compared with which the sea is scrupulous and

courteous. The East Anglian is the ideal individualist-fighter: men and women have no other thought in mind except to meet and beat the nation that sinks at sight, that disgraces the fellowship of the sea with the filthiest tactics known to mankind, beside whom the Norsemen, Danes and Vikings were gentlemen. History describes our people as "truculent and surly" and this is apt and correct: they are all that, and they are brave, as well. At night the wide sweep of coast, dune and marshland, wind-swept, with the sea pounding on the low marram fringed sand, appears dark and deserted; beneath this deceptive exterior there lies an armed camp, alert and ready: those of our men from Winterton alone who are not in the sea forces are in the Observer Corps, the Home Guard, the Army or the Air Force or working overtime on supplies. They have been used to battle and death for nine centuries and they have not the slightest fear of any enemy. In their hearts they rather wish that this upstart nation (whom they believe, rightly, to be novices on the sea) would try the issue out with them. They want to send them the way of all other invaders, so that, once again, they can harvest their silver fish in peace.



Yarmouth beach during a storm, 1821





Where these drifters fished for herring, the crews manning the minesweeping trawlers, fish for Death . . .

Jenkins photos



THE FRIENDLY ISLES OF FUNDY

by AIDA McANN

BEAUTIFUL Passamaquoddy Bay, lying between the Province of New Brunswick and the State of Maine, is almost shut off from its turbulent source, the Bay of Fundy, by an array of hundreds of grey-green islands ranging in size from mere tusks of rock to the long, irregular stretches of the three largest islands, Deer, Campobello and Grand Manan.

Deer Island, one and one-half miles from the Maine and three miles from the New Brunswick shore, stretches directly across the centre of Passamaquoddy Bay; Campobello, to the south over a few miles of water, practically touches the Maine coast at Lubec; while Grand Manan, "the last of the Passamaquoddies", twelve miles farther out at sea, lies uneasily in the restless jaws of Fundy.

For years the ownership of these islands hugging the coast of Maine was in dispute between Great Britain and the United States. In 1783 it had been agreed that the St. Croix River should form the western boundary of New Brunswick. This was the river where deMonts and Champlain spent the winter of 1604. There were, however, several streams that might be the St. Croix of the French explorers. The United States argued that the Magaguadavic, twenty miles to the eastward, was the river, while New Brunswick insisted that the Scoudic was the true St. Croix. Finally, some remains of deMonts' settlement were dug up on what is now known as Dochet Island, a short distance above the mouth of the St. Croix River, and, as this discovery proved that New Brunswick's claim was justified, the present boundary was accepted by the United States.

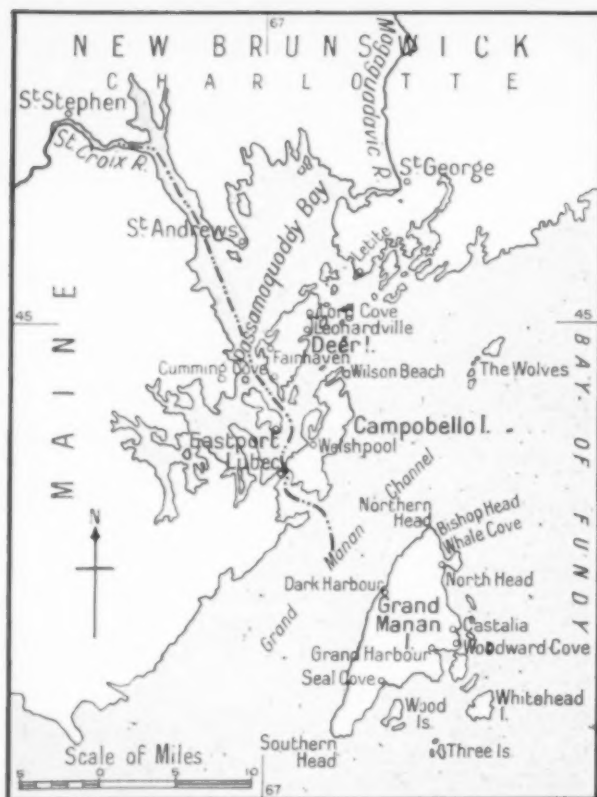
Some twenty years later, the boundary line was extended south through Passamaquoddy Bay to include Grand Manan, Campobello and certain other islands, the ownership of which had long been in dispute. It is said that Maine folk, dissatisfied with the settlement, hinted that their American representatives had been fuddled by certain mellow stimulants served by the British; while New Bruns-

wickers suggested that the agreement had been reached on a foggy day when mists hid the Fundy Islands which the Americans, always hazy in regard to Canadian geography, did not know existed!

"If only we belonged to the States, how things would hum here!" sighs many an island lady hankering, no doubt, for access, duty free, to the variety of pretty clothes and gay household gadgets available at such low prices in the emporiums of Eastport . . . But it is precisely the fact that the Fundy Islands do not change, that life goes placidly along in the same, age-old grooves, which endears them to visitors from the big, bustling cities of the mainland. These little islands are so decidedly "different". Here is real recreation within sight and sound of the sea in surroundings of unspoiled beauty among gentle, kindly and genuinely hospitable fisherfolk.

Only gradually, and very much in its own way, has Grand Manan become a resort. Years ago, an enterprising gentleman, impressed with its marvellous scenery, invigorating air and many unique natural vacation attractions, tried to found a summer colony here. But he met with passive resistance rather than co-operation; the island folk refused to sell either their land or their labour and the scheme fell through. Grand Manan was saved for the enjoyment of the discriminating few — for the artists, writers and sea lovers who, in ever-increasing numbers, have one by one discovered its picturesque loveliness. Quite naturally, these artistic folk have tactfully kept their discovery to themselves for they can accomplish much in the peace and quiet of their island retreat. Willa Cather, for instance, who has had a summer home here for many years, has never written a line to attract attention to Grand Manan though her book *Shadows on the Rock* has doubtless lured many tourists to Quebec.

Grand Manan, however, has already had more than a fair share of distinguished visitors. The first "tourist" of whom we have any written record was Champlain who stopped here in 1604 on his way across



the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia after his terrible winter in the estuary of the St. Croix. It was he who gave the island its name, a mixture of French and Indian, "grand" meaning great in French, and "manan", a contraction and corruption of the Passamaquoddy Indian word meaning island. The first mention of this island, Grand Manan, appears in Champlain's *Voyages* published in 1613. "We were compelled", he writes, "without choice to go ashore, at the mercy of God and the waves." In the course of the terrible storm which cast his ship ashore, an anchor was lost, to be found, shrunken and corroded, some two hundred and fifty years

later, by the Deputy Keeper of Gannet Rock Light. During their stay on the Island, Champlain records that his party heard the barking voices of the sea-wolves. What these noises were no one knows, but they may well have been the baying of the surf pack on the jagged rocks or the whining of water caught in the treacherous tide-rips. Early French explorers claimed to have discovered a ledge of lapis lazuli off the coast of Grand Manan and Champlain reports that his ship ran on this blue ledge and got a piece of the precious lapis embedded in its keel!

Treasure of another sort is frequently mentioned in island legend. It is recounted that Captain Kidd, the outlaw pirate arrested in Boston and hanged in London, found a more hospitable port on Grand Manan. Near mysterious Dark Harbour on the west coast is Money Cove where the famous Captain is said to have buried his ill-gotten gains. An old island history relates that "At the mouth of a deep dug hole the pirate made an unhappy victim swear to keep that money safe from all comers for all time; and then to make the spirit-sentinel keep good faith he shot the man and buried him with the pirated silver and gold."

More modern smugglers have used Dark Harbour as a base. An island resident tells of looking by chance into one of the dark caves which abound along these shores, and finding it filled with stringy-haired, almond-eyed men. Frightened out of his wits, he went about his business and kept his mouth shut: it is presumed that a cargo of Chinese was in the process of being smuggled into the United States.

At low and high tides, Passamaquoddy Bay, St. Andrews



THE FRIENDLY ISLES OF FUNDY

Following intrepid explorer and notorious outlaw, a gentle scientist was Grand Manan's next distinguished visitor. Audubon, the great naturalist, forerunner of many visiting ornithologists, came to Southern Head* to study the habits of the sea gulls before publishing his magnificent work on the birds of America. While here, he found to his amazement that the gulls of Grand Manan build their nests in trees rather than on the ground or among the rocks as they do elsewhere. In all probability nests had so often been robbed by the Indians that in order to survive these birds were forced to build high in the air. The Indians were in the habit of going to the rookeries with blazing torches which so blinded the gulls that they were easily captured; and during the years when ladies' hats were heavy with waving plumes, nest robbing proved so lucrative a trade that the gulls of Grand Manan were threatened with extinction. The people of the island then petitioned the Government of New Brunswick to stop this slaughter, stating that the birds were very valuable to them, as useful scavengers, as guides to the best fishing grounds, and as life savers when their shrill cries warned mariners away from dangerous headlands. Accordingly, the Government imposed a fine of five dollars on any one found guilty of killing a gull and the beautiful birds of Grand Manan were saved to aid the island folk and to add immeasurably to the beauty of the landscape.

In addition to their trade in gull plumes, the Indians of Grand Manan, who appear to have been a most ingenious lot, did a thriving business for a time in

porpoise oil. Porpoises still abound in the waters off the island, but it was the introduction of petroleum which replaced porpoise oil as a lubricant for watches which, no doubt, saved these playful monsters from extinction. Another very profitable side-line to which the Indians devoted considerable time was the manufacture of seal snouts. When the State of Maine offered generous bounties for every seal captured in the bay, the Indians retired to hide-outs on the island where they made excellent substitutes for seal noses from bits of hair, hide and bone!

In early days the Indians on Grand Manan were very numerous and so hostile and war-like that the first white families who crossed the bay from Nova Scotia to settle on the island were forced to move on. A permanent white settlement was not made until 1784 when some fifty United Empire Loyalist families received grants on Grand Manan and adjacent islands. Moses Gerrish, the leader of this band of Loyalists, was born in Newbury, Massachusetts; a well-educated man, he became the island's first magistrate. Also among the earliest settlers was a Dr. Faxon who landed at Seal Cove accompanied by a sailor named Jack Tarr, and stayed to become the island's first medical man as well as the first to launch a full-rigged island-built ship.

Ship-building was destined to become an important local industry, but, first and forever, the off-shore fisheries are the mainstay of Grand Manan. Sloops and small schooners, sail-boats and row-boats, fish weirs and fish wharves, smoke houses and salt houses are everywhere — an

*Designated on some charts as South West Head

Picknicking on Passamaquoddy shores



Watching for tuna, inside weir, Grand Manan Island





Southern Cross, Grand Manan Island

Swallow Tail Light, Grand Manan Island





Dark Harbor, Grand Manan Island

Surf, Grand Manan Island



integral part of the island landscape. It is not unusual to see three generations of a family working together at a fish wharf. Men, women and children all have their particular part to play in the hundred and one jobs which the handling of fish imposes. The herring catch is the most important of all the fisheries as the sale of herring, fresh, salted or smoked, brings in the bulk of island income. Netted in great numbers, the young herring are sold to the large canneries of New Brunswick and Maine and once in the can, these little fish are known as sardines. Cod, pollock and hake, as well as such shell-fish delicacies as lobster, clams, scallops and periwinkles, are all exported in quantities. Two auxiliary industries which have grown out of the fisheries are the export of tons of fish scales used to make pearl essence; and the manufacture of various fish oils.

Hundreds of weirs or "wares", as the local folk call them, are built in sheltered coves all along Grand Manan shores. These ingenious traps for fish are made of stakes driven into the floor of the ocean from the high-water mark outwards so as to form a circular body of water, with a "leader" or runway, facing the sea. The stakes are interlaced with brush or wire netting and at high tide, when the entire contraption is practically submerged, multitudes of fish swim in through the runway to be trapped at ebb tide in the fishermen's great seine nets. The fishermen row out to the weirs where they scoop their catch into small boats; and to go along when the weirs are seined is a popular pastime of summer visitors to Grand Manan.

Another adventure enjoyed immensely by island visitors is the exploration of the many weird rock formations sculptured over the centuries by the powerful tides of Fundy Bay. A part of some of the most magnificent sea-cliff scenery in the world is the towering precipice of Southern Head at the extreme south of the island. Nearby, standing on a ledge of rock running out toward sea, is the rugged Southern Cross, so named because of its two stocky outstretched arms. There are those who say that this rock was originally called "The Old Maid" but that when so many women from Saint John and Boston began to visit the island, local guides were frequently embarrassed by the name and accordingly

changed it. This tale no doubt is an invention of island humorists, because in the immediate vicinity of the Southern Cross, there is another rock which seems to the imaginative to resemble a gigantic woman and is still called "The Old Maid". Sloan's Head, another phenomenon close by, is a vast columnar display of basaltic rock similar to the Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

At the northern extremity of the island is Bishop's Head, a bald promontory resembling a Bishop's tonsured head, from which the view of the sun setting over the sea in a burst of brilliant colour, is breathtakingly beautiful. On the eastern shore, near Whale Cove, is another strange formation, a towering perpendicular wall known as "The Seven Days' Work" because it reveals on its surface seven distinct layers of rock. Near Whale Cove, too, at Pette's Cove, is The Hole in the Wall, a great gash worn through a wall of solid rock by the action of the tides, to provide a perfect frame for snapshots of thousands of tourists!

Four miles to the south of Grand Manan is Gannet Rock, another battered bit of stone bearing witness to the tireless energy of the sea, where, in a lonely lighthouse, burns one of the brightest lights in the world — a light which first sent its cheering beams out over the Atlantic on Christmas Eve, 1831.

Dark Harbour on the west coast of the island also owes its peculiar formation to the tides of Fundy. It is a singular opening in the rocks where the sea runs inland for more than a mile between dark cliffs. For many years the only inhabitants were the two so-called "Hermits of Dark Harbour" who sold wood carvings and delighted visitors with their salty conversation. The dulse gatherers are mostly migratory workers who live elsewhere on the island. These patient pickers work under great difficulties for a very small monetary return, though they are rewarded by a harvest of the very best dulse in the world. This red, edible seaweed which must be gathered at low tide and spread on the rocks to dry in the sun, is much in demand among Maritime Province people, but few who have not been "raised on it"

Right:—Chocolate Cove



Deer Island presents some typical beauty spots which abound on New Brunswick's 600-mile coast-line.

Left:—Northwest Harbor



Right:—Lord's Cove



enjoy the taste of the healthful, iodine-rich condiment.

Dark Harbour, rich in legend and story, is the only haven for storm-tossed ships on the entire western coast of Grand Manan, and there have been many wrecks off the beetling headlands of nearby shores. One stormy night in January, 1857, the *Lord Ashburton* crashed to her doom on the rocky headland now known as Ashburton Head. Twenty-one seamen were drowned, and of the eight who reached shore only three were able to scale the rocky cliffs to safety. That they were able to do so is no less than a miracle for it was only the force of the wind which held them fast to the face of the perpendicular rock. On reaching the summit one man had sufficient strength to summon aid for his two companions; but he was forced to spend the next five years in the Marine Hospital in Saint John convalescing. He later returned to Grand Manan where he worked as a shoemaker until his death.

Another wreck famous in Grand Manan story gave the name Millinery Rip to the spot where the tragedy occurred. Two sisters, inseparable from childhood, and about to be married at a double wedding, went over to the mainland to buy their wedding clothes. On the way home, they settled themselves on deck, their new hats held carefully on their laps for protection. As they neared shore, a tide-rip streamed in, swirled the boat angrily about in the dangerous current and dashed it on a hidden rock where it was broken in pieces. The sisters disappeared never to be seen

again; and the bedraggled millinery floated in to shore to be picked up by anguished friends.

Fortunately, there is sometimes a light side to wrecks in this "Graveyard of Fundy". During the days of Prohibition in New Brunswick, for instance, many ships loaded with contraband came to grief on these fog-hidden shoals and, from time to time, cases of unbroken bottles were dug out of the soft sands of Grand Manan and adjacent islands. The Fundy fishermen, ever a superstitious race of men, are said to have formed the habit of tossing a coin into the sea when passing places where such treasure had been unearthed, in the hope of propitiating the kind fates to favour them with such another "find"!

The fate which brings the summer visitor to Grand Manan with its wealth of human interest and scenic beauty is indeed a kind one, and it is always difficult to break away from this enchanted and endearing spot. But there are other Fundy Islands scarcely less intriguing. Campobello, for instance, to the north across a short stretch of water, was once a fair feudal barony, where all the etiquette of state ceremony was formally observed. Campobello, the island given in exchange for an arm lost by a brave British soldier in the service of his country, was the first settled of the Fundy Islands. In 1767, this strip of land, ten miles long by two miles wide, was granted by Sir William Campbell, Governor of Nova Scotia, to Captain William Fitzwilliam Owen, a Welsh gentle-



Wilson's Beach,
Campobello Island

Cummings Cove,
Deer Island



man who had distinguished himself in England's service in the East Indies.

Enthusiastic over the grant of his island, Captain Owen met with a group of his friends in an old-country Coffee House and made detailed plans for the settlement of his new-world domain. A ship, fitted out with farm implements, building materials, a variety of supplies and suitable settlers, soon sailed under the Captain's command and arrived on the island, June 4th, 1770. He named his island, Campobello, the Latin for "Fair Field" as he explained, "partly complimentary and punning on the name of the Governor of the Province and the fine appearance of the island". When the Governor of Nova Scotia paid Captain Owen a visit just one year later in the summer of 1771, he was amazed that so much progress in settlement could have been made in so short a time. The Owen family kept open house; and the energetic Captain played the fiddle at barn dances given by his tenants with the same enthusiasm with which he flogged them when they were caught cutting timber without his permission. After a few years of life in feudal splendour, the Owen family left their island estate and not long after, the Captain was killed in action at Madras. A nephew, David Owen, an Oxford graduate and a scholarly gentleman, arrived to take his uncle's place and to administer island affairs which he did with ceremonious ritual for more than forty years. In 1835, the Captain's second son came from the old country to take over his inheritance. A Captain himself, he came ashore from

a warship and was at once raised to the rank of Admiral in the presence of his tenants. Life on the island now became even gayer and more luxurious; there were dinners and balls; a coach of state and a constant ceremonial reception of famous visitors from near and far.

For more than a century Campobello was thus royally ruled by the Owen family until in 1881 it passed out of their hands and became the property of an United States syndicate who proceeded to develop it as a summer resort. The old Owen mansion became Campobello Island Yacht Club, of which President Roosevelt is now Honorary President. Discriminating United States families bought land and built beautiful summer homes. Among them were the Roosevelt family of New York and the Adams family of Massachusetts, both of which families have given more than one President to the United States. The father of the present President was among the first to build a summer residence on Campobello, and this attractive home is still occupied during a part of almost every summer by Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, mother of the President. President Roosevelt himself has also had a cottage here for many years, and when he was elected chief executive, his Campobello, home became known as "The Summer Whitehouse".

The fact that the Roosevelt family, with a whole continent from which to choose, prefer to summer on Campobello, speaks eloquently for the island's charms. It is indeed a pleasant place with a wide



Views over Passamaquoddy Bay from Chamcook Mountain, St. Andrews





Mallock Beach on Campobello Island in the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick. On this famous and beautiful island Franklin D. Roosevelt has his summer home.

Gravel road approaching Welch's Pool, Campobello Island





President Roosevelt's summer home, and Head Harbour Light, Campobello Island

variety of interesting things to do and see. There are excellent gravel roads, fine beaches, good swimming, many first-rate harbours for yachts and unexcelled deep-sea fishing. Pollock, as game fighters as Atlantic silver salmon, are plentiful in island waters and provide great sport for the fisherman equipped with rod and reel. It was President Roosevelt, who, when a boy, took the first pollock from Passamaquoddy Bay with a fly rod and so initiated this popular salt water sport.

Just north of Campobello lies Deer Island, the smallest and least-known of the three Isles of Fundy, but in the opinion of many, the most beautiful. Stretching across the bay between the Canadian and United States shores, and very close to both, the nine-mile length of this island would have formed the centre of the Passamaquoddy Dam had the project to harness the powerful tides of Passamaquoddy Bay been completed.

Deer Island was first settled about the same time as Grand Manan and by the same sort of people: United Empire Loyalists from the States. The ancestors of Deer Islanders came mostly from Connecticut and New York States and many of the quaint old houses built by these early settlers, and lived in by many generations of the same family, still stand. One of the island's most interesting houses is that once occupied by ancestors of William Lloyd Garrison, the American abolitionist, known as "The Great Liberator". His mother, Fanny Lloyd, was born on Deer Island, and until quite recently the house where she was born still stood. Deer Island homes, almost all of gleaming white and gay with Rambler roses in season, are charming whether set in some tree-fringed cove where high tide laps the garden gate,

or perched high on a green hill-side looking toward the Passamaquoddy Archipelago with its more than 365 islands.

Deer Island itself is practically surrounded by tiny islands. One interesting group, known as The West Isles, lies within a mineral region of potential value and there is a small copper deposit on Simpson's Island. Pope's Folly, lying close by, was so named because a certain Mr. Pope established a trading post here in 1812 and lost all he had in the unsuccessful venture. Here, too, are the Hospital Islands, The Spectacles (known to the natives as "The Specs.") and Indian, St. Helena, Cherry, Casco, The Nubbles and White Horse Islands. Beyond White Horse, out in the stormy bay, are the Wolves, a group of vicious rock fangs feared by the fishermen of Fundy.

The ubiquitous herring weirs of Charlotte County abound along Deer Island shores and the islanders live mostly by and for the sea. They could, however, if they so desired, build up a tourist trade more profitable than the uncertain fisheries, for their island home offers every conceivable summer-time attraction, including unique and beautiful scenery and unexcelled opportunities for sports. The visitor may travel about on foot or by motor over the many miles of good gravel road which encircle and criss-cross the island; or he may do as so many of the natives prefer to do: travel by boat. The island people are charming, unassuming, friendly and sincere. Though their lot has not been an easy one, they have preserved their independence of spirit and their love of education. In January of this year a beautiful new rural high school was completed through the co-operative effort of six of the island's seven school districts. This is only

THE FRIENDLY ISLES OF FUNDY

the second such school to be built in all New Brunswick and the aim of those who sacrificed to make it possible is to train young people to live fuller, happier lives right where they are, on their own island home, rather than to prepare country boys and girls for positions in far-off cities, as purely academic high schools have tended to do.

Deer Island is easily accessible by regularly operated and inexpensive motor ferries both from Eastport, Maine, and L'Etete, New Brunswick, nine miles from the town of St. George. Grand Manan is served by the motor vessel, *Grand Manan II*, which sails on regular schedules from Saint John, St. Andrews, and St. Stephen, New Brunswick, and Eastport, Maine. Campobello is included in this same boat service, and is also reached by a three-minute motor ferry trip from Lubec, Maine. July and August are favourite months for summer visitors, but June and September are also warm and pleasant on the islands. There are a variety of comfortable places to stay and an infinite number of interesting things to do and see. Early morning fog is usually burnt away by a bright sun, days are cheerful, and evenings especially memorable when guests gather around a genial fireplace to tell stories and listen to the old folk tales and stirring sea chanteys of the islands. The following tale, told for many years on Grand Manan, a story of shipwreck and

storm ghost, is typical of the ballads current among the fisherfolk of Fundy's friendly isles. It is the story of Club-Foot John:

"Grandsire mumbles: 'Miles of chain
Are out tonight from the *Stormy Jane*.
Brig she was, and as able a thing
As e'er turned shrouds for the winds to sing.
But the ablest is under the Devil's thumb
When the skipper takes sights through a kag
of rum.

With a sou'east wind she thrashed her way
Up seas hot foot for Fundy Bay.
And the mate he knowed, and the crew they
knowed,

She was lugging too much of a canvas load.
But still he told 'em to crack her on —
Her drunken skipper, old Club-Foot John.

They smelt the land and they begged, did they,
He'd anchor in soundings 'till break of day.
But a kag of rum walked that quarter-deck
And a kag of rum don't fear no wreck.

So down she went with every man,
Battered to slivers on Grand Manan.

A dozen lives on his black old soul,
And widders and orphans and bells to toll.

You'll hear him plain when a storm is on,
Roarin' and workin' old Club-Foot John.

Stamping around his windlass there
Where the snow whirls thick in the off-shore air;

Cranking an endless anchor chain
Into the peak of the *Stormy Jane*.

That's duty left to Club-Foot John,
Though he is long since dead and gone.

He is sent to tell us as best he can
There's a duty due to our fellow-man,

Better be kind and better be square
And remember that rum is the Devil's snare

Set for the man who forgits that he
Needs all his wits when he fights the sea.' "



Whirlpools, Deer Island Point



Above:—Southern Head(top) and
Herring Cove (bottom), Campo-
bello Island

Right:—Ferry for Eastport, Maine,
at Deer Island Point, New Bruns-
wick

Below:—Quiet transportation



FRIENDLY ISLES



Centre top: — Pette's Cove,
Grand Manan Island

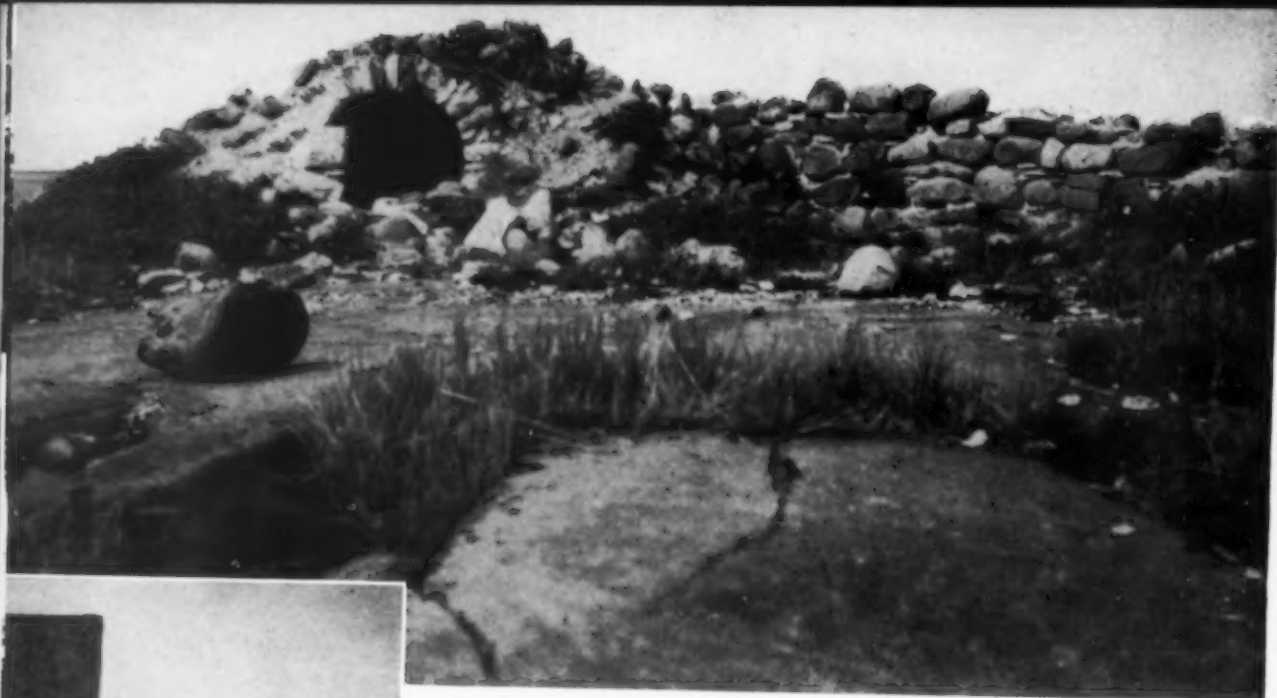
Above: — St. Andrews —
Passamaquoddy Bay from Cham-
cook Mountain (top); at sunset
(bottom)

Left:—At the wharf, St. Andrew's-
by-the-sea

Below:—Spreading dulse, Grand
Manan Island



S
OF FUNDY



Above:—Ammunition magazine near the old battery

Left:—One of the old cannons of Fort Prince of Wales commanding Hudson Bay.

Below:—Section of the parapet that protected the gunners; an old cannon in foreground.



Grain boat sailing out of the mouth of Churchill River. The dim line of the old fort may be seen in the distance.



OUR HISTORIC NORTHERN ROUTE

by EVA BECKETT

AT the mere mention of the Hudson Bay route, one's imagination is stirred to a lively pitch. Not simply because of the vital present-day interest, nor because of the possibilities of the future for this route, but also because of its past, replete with romantic and historic interest.

From the moment we arrive in The Pas, the southern terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway, the enchantment of the North is upon us. Here in this sturdy town whose very name is drawn from two languages, the new meets the old, the past stalks into the present, the primitive finds place with the ultra-modern, and the North begins.

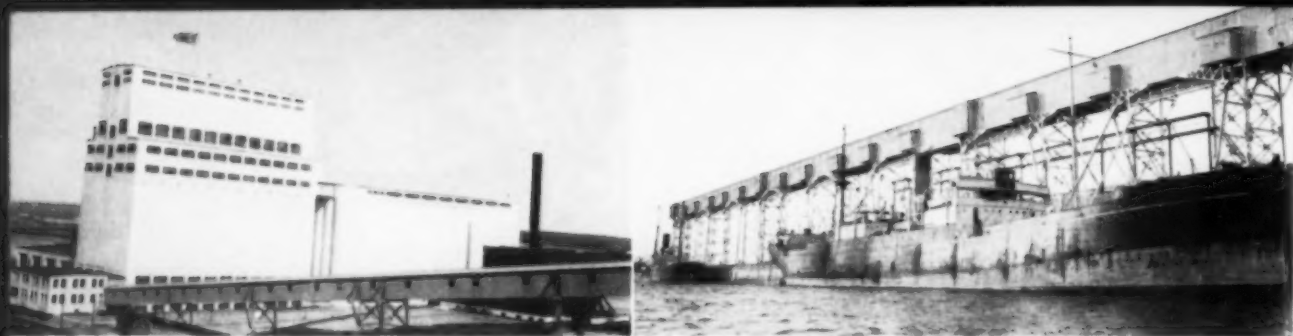
No choice of location in this north country for a town could have been more picturesque or advantageous than the one La Vérendrye made two centuries ago, when, in 1741, he established a trading post on what is now the site of The Pas. Situated in the midst of a rich fur-bearing country on the shore of the North Saskatchewan River, where two tributaries join the larger stream, the trading post flourished and has developed into a splendid town of comfortable homes and lovely gardens, of good school and modern hotels.

A century later in the history of The Pas, about 1840, Henry Budd, a remarkable man in the annals of missionary work in Northern Canada, laid here the foundation of an Anglican mission. The original mission has long since disappeared, but the

present Christ Church which took its place has the furnishings of the original mission and is itself a constant source of interest to historians. Its visitors' book is signed by hundreds of people from all parts of the world.

Much of the interest connected with this little church centres around the part played by the Franklin Relief Expedition sent out from England in 1847 to search for Sir John Franklin and his party who were lost two years previously on an exploration trip through the north country. This relief expedition under Sir John Richardson, who had accompanied Franklin on some of his earlier explorations, spent the winter of 1847 — 48 at The Pas. It was during that time that the original mission buildings were being erected and furnished, and some of the party whiled away the winter days by helping the missionary in his task. The pulpit, the font, and two beautifully carved tall chairs in the sanctuary of Christ Church are especially fine specimens of the patient, skilful handiwork of these men.

So interesting and quaint are many others of the furnishings of Christ Church that our visit there had lengthened out to more than an hour before we stepped from the cool quietness of the church into the brilliant sunshine of a northern summer day and took our way to a tiny, neglected cemetery nearby. Few of the graves in it



Terminal grain elevator and shipping gallery at Churchill harbour

are marked by headstones, so that one neat white stone in the centre of the graveyard readily attracted our attention. Reaching it through a tangle of weeds, we read this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the Reverend Henry Budd who died April 2, 1875, aged 61 years. The first Indian convert in Rupert's Land. An earnest and faithful minister of the gospel for 25 years. Beloved by the flock over which he was pastor." A simple tribute to the man who so well established this outpost of the Christian church.

The region about The Pas has been visited by almost every renowned explorer and adventurer of earlier days in Western Canada, and to one of these adventurers a memorial has been erected in the town's picturesque Devon Park. This cairn commemorates the great journeys of Henry Kelsey in 1690-92 when he travelled from Churchill to the plains seeking trade with the Indians. Kelsey's route is not very definitely known to modern historians, but it is thought that he must have passed up the Saskatchewan River through this region.

Five hundred and ten miles separate the southern terminus of the Hudson Bay route from Churchill, its northern terminus. Miles of forest, lakes, streams, and "barren lands" intervene, that to-day must present a scene little changed since the time of Kelsey and Hearne. Here and there is a little village, a mining camp, telegraph lines carried on a tripod arrangement of poles, the railway itself — otherwise an almost unchanged landscape. Names such as Gillam, Button, Bylot, Munck, La Perouse, indicating points along the route, recall the men who played so active a part in the earlier history of our northland.

It was late on an August afternoon that our train speeded through a scantily wooded strip of country, rounded a long curve, and glided into the seaport town of Churchill. We were at once enthralled with the rugged beauty of the place; the great sweep of horizon; the magnificent landlocked harbour girt with rocks of grey granite; the glory of the sunset with all its wealth of gorgeous colouring reflected on the green waves of Hudson Bay.

Few places in Canada can claim more romantic or historic interest than this port on Hudson Bay, for Churchill was first discovered during that era when the imagination of every sea-captain was stirred by the hope of discovering the long-sought north-west passage. The discovery was made by Jens Munck, son of a Danish nobleman.

In August 1619, Munck, with his party of sixty-five men in two boats, the *Unicorn* and the *Lamprey*, sailed down the western coast of the great inland sea that Henry Hudson had partly explored nine years previously. Alert for any indication of a passage that might lead to western seas, the party noted with keen interest a narrow break in the rocky coast-line. Sailing through this opening, they found themselves in what at first appeared to be an arm of the sea. Could this be the long-sought passage? High hopes were raised in the hearts of the party, but were soon dashed by the knowledge that their ships were passing up a tidal stream, the stream later known as the Churchill River.

Munck and his party wintered at a little cove on this river. His journals tell of their planting the Danish flag in this strange new land which they named New Denmark; of the preparation of their

OUR HISTORIC NORTHERN ROUTE

winter quarters; of their celebration of the Christmas season, and later, of the outbreak of scurvy in their camp. This plague carried off man after man until with the coming of spring only Munck and two of his companions had survived. The three men, leaving one of their boats on the muddy flats in front of the cove, sailed back to Denmark. They hoped, in spite of the tragedy of that winter, to return soon to establish a colony, but their plans were never fulfilled.

Some years later, probably about 1688, Hudson's Bay explorers rediscovered this tidal stream, and named it "Churchill" in honour of the governor of the company, Sir John Churchill, later known as the Duke of Marlborough. Various early attempts were made to establish a trading post on this river, but it was not until 1717 that the Hudson's Bay Company did establish a permanent post on the site where Munck spent such a tragic winter.

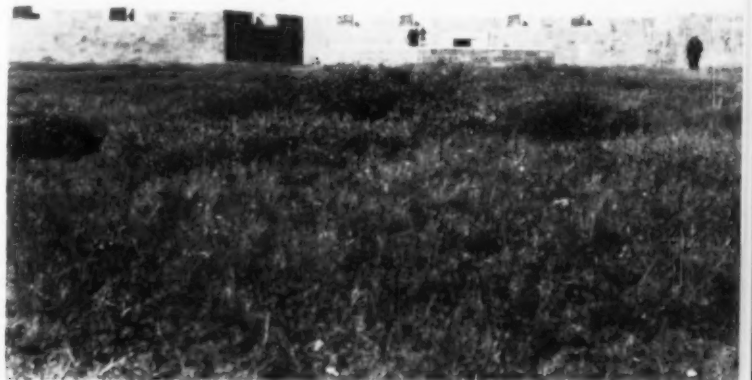
James Knight, the first resident governor of the post at Churchill, tells, in his quaint diary, of finding in the muddy flats in front of the trading post two old cannons left by the Danish expedition. These bore the name-plate, "Christian IV., Denmark".

And what do we find at Munck's Cove to-day? No trace whatever of the Danish encampment; no evidence of that long cruel winter of suffering; no tombstones to mark the last resting-place of sixty-one Danes and Norwegians and two Englishmen who perished on that ill-fated expedition. But nestled at the foot of a steep grey cliff nearby is a tiny grey church.

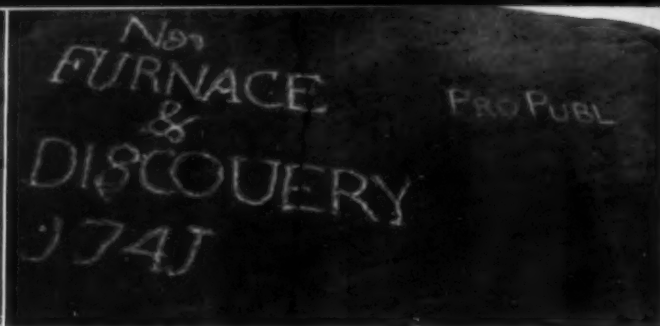
This little church, brought out from England in sections on a Hudson's Bay boat, has, for many years, played a large part in the religious life of the North. It has served as a place of worship, and on week-days as a class-room. During the early summer weeks, while bands of Indians encamp around the trading post to dispose of their winter's catch of furs, and to receive their "treaty money", their children are instructed for a few hours every day in the simplest rudiments of learning. It was fitting that this little church, so near to the site of Munck's winter camp, was, in recent years, chosen as the place in which to hang a very beautiful bronze tablet commemorating the discovery of Churchill in 1619 by the intrepid Danish explorer.

On Eskimo Point to the west side of the entrance to Churchill harbour stands one

A section of the restored façade of
Fort Prince of Wales



Early Hudson's Bay trading post buildings on the site of Munck's winter camp at Churchill



Historic carvings to be found

of the most interesting military ruins on the North American continent. This is old Fort Prince of Wales, built by the Hudson's Bay Company to protect their trade from rival companies. Designed by British military engineers, the fort was built under the direction of the resident governor. Actual construction began in the year 1731, but it was not until 1771, forty years later, that the enormous fort was completed.

Built in a square measuring about 300 feet on each side, and with a v-shaped bastion at each corner, the outline of the fort resembles a four-pointed star. The outer wall, which stands about eighteen feet high, was built of huge blocks of stone, and within it were deep ramparts of stone and earth held in place by a stone retaining wall, making a total thickness of wall approximately forty feet around the whole fort. On the top of this a six-foot stone parapet was placed to protect the gunners. Within the walls was the palatial stone residence of the governor, as well as the warehouses and other buildings of the new trading post. Forty cannons were mounted on the ramparts, a battery of six cannons was placed on the opposite bank of the entrance to the harbour and Fort Prince of Wales was then considered impregnable.

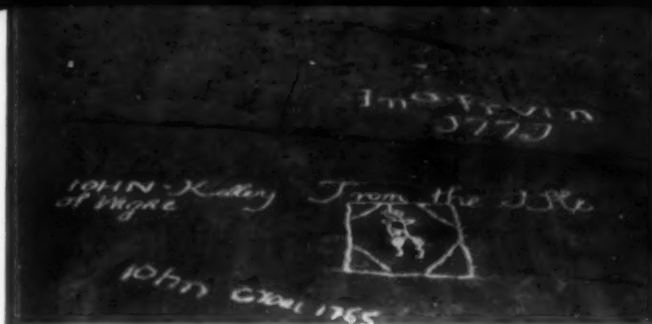
But fate dealt a cruel blow to the grand old fort. One summer evening in 1782 when no enemy ships were known to be in Hudson Bay, Samuel Hearne, then resident governor at Churchill, saw three vessels off the harbour. These proved to be French warships with Admiral La Perouse in command. Panic reigned in the heart of the governor. How could his little handful of men, thirty-nine in all, hold the fort? The next morning when four hundred armed men disembarked and marched toward the gates, no attempt was made to resist them. The ensign on the fort flagpole was lowered and a white table-cloth raised in its place. Without a single blow

being struck, Fort Prince of Wales had surrendered. The French seized the rich store of furs, burned the buildings, spiked the guns and sailed away with Samuel Hearne as prisoner. The prestige of the great fort was gone forever, and when the company re-established their trading post at Churchill, they built farther up-stream on the site of their original post in Munck's Cove.

The Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada is the custodian of Fort Prince of Wales, and considerable effort has been made to clean out the accumulation of debris and the walls of the fort are almost completely restored. The many interesting relics found are carefully preserved in national museums.

Two miles up-stream from Fort Prince of Wales is Sloops' Cove, which, throughout almost two centuries, was the winter harbour of trading vessels. This tiny bay directly across the Churchill River from the present modern docks fascinates every visitor. Here we can still see a short stretch of stone dyke which must have served to keep ice-cakes from piling into the cove. Great iron rings fastened securely into the rocks indicate the winter berth of many a stout little sailing vessel. And names, scores of them, carved into the smooth rocks, speak to us of the adventurers themselves. It was almost with reverence that we walked over these rocks and scraped away the lichens that partly obscured names and dates carved there two centuries ago.

In large letters cut into the side of one rock we read: "Furnace & Discovery 1741". These were the two vessels that brought Captain Middleton and his exploration party from England into Sloops' Cove for safe harbourage those winter months of 1741—42. Stirring tales are told of gay times that winter in the newly-



on the rocks at Sloops' Cove

completed Fort Prince of Wales where Middleton's party wintered, and probably one of the most incongruous sights the North has witnessed was on October 11, 1741, when Captain Middleton with great pomp celebrated the anniversary of the coronation of George II. Of this occasion, Captain Middleton wrote thus: "We marched all our men from ye new Fort under arms to the Cove where the ships lay, being above 2 miles distant and at noon discharged 28 guns belonging to both ships that were layed in order on the shore for that purpose where ye two ships winter. They marched back in ye same order with drums beating and colours flying."

On the same rock but apparently carved by a different hand is "Pro Publ". This unfinished Latin proverb set us conjecturing. Did the carver weary of his task? Did night come on then? Or did he just forget the proverb? At any rate, there it stays still unfinished throughout the years.

Some one with a morbid sense of humour has carved a picture depicting the sad fate of "John Kelley, From the Isle of Wight" who, tradition says, was hanged for the stealing of a goose. This may be more truth than tradition, for in the courtyard of Fort Prince of Wales can be seen the ruins of an old gallows.

On another rock in clear bold letters is, "St. Hearne, July ye 1, 1767", carved by Hearne himself, no doubt, just one hundred years before the birthday of the Dominion to whose exploration and history he contributed so largely.

Though there are many other names, we searched in vain for some trace of a later day at Sloops' Cove, that blustery

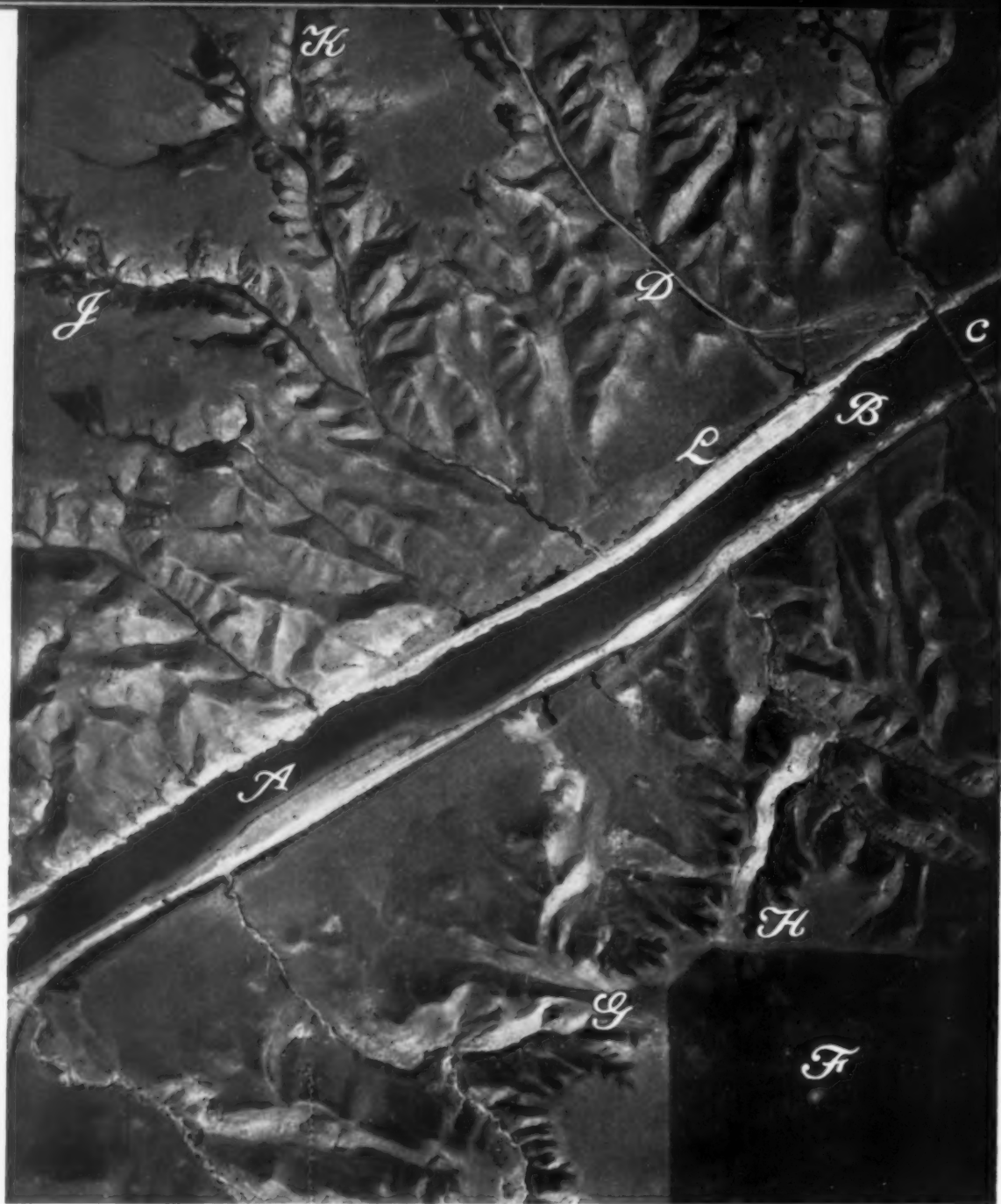
September day in 1813 when a party of Selkirk settlers was landed by mistake at Churchill instead of at York Factory where some hospitality would have awaited them. Sloops' Cove bears no evidence of the bitter experiences of that brave band of settlers, but out on a wind-swept plain back of the old fort stands a solitary tombstone bearing the simple inscription, "John Sutherland, 1813," and indicating the last resting-place of one of those "men of Kildonan" who died on the very threshold of the new land.

What a place for day-dreaming is the old Battery that guards the east side of the entrance to the harbour! None of the cannons remain, though six embrasures in the heavy stone walls indicate the number that must have been there originally. A few yards distant is a quaint ammunition magazine that looks surprisingly like an old-fashioned bake-oven.

Leaning on these crumbled Battery walls that command such a splendid view of the harbour mouth, it is easy to relive the past. A pageant of stirring events, 300 years of history at this northern seaport, flits by till the past melts into the present, and a new era has dawned,—but an era, too, of romance and adventure and high achievement at our magnificent seaport of Churchill, Manitoba!



Christ Church, The Pas



NATURE'S SCULPTURING AND THE HAND OF MAN

This view is not one of a plastic model although it has that appearance. It was taken from a point vertically above the valley of the Oldman River, some fifteen miles north-east of Lethbridge. A heavy clay soil is the medium in which nature has expressed herself here. Runoff from falling rains and melting snow has been the eroding agency, the eroded material having been carried down to the valley bottom and to the main stream bed of the river, adding its quota of silt to that already carried. Some of this soil is distributed along the river shores. There is an entire absence of trees, the hill-sides and the coulees resulting from the erosion showing up bare of such growth.

Man has interposed himself into the picture by the construction of a bridge (C) across the river and a roadway that climbs the valley side through a convenient coulee or small tributary valley. In one corner a further evidence of man's intervention is shown by a cultivated field (F) upon the uplands beyond the head of the coulees.

Explaining this photograph in greater detail, the course of the Oldman River is north-easterly from A to B. The highway bridge is at C, and an indication of the direction of flow of the river is the silt that has collected downstream from one of the bridge supports. The highway which crosses over the bridge travels up the centre of the coulee DE and is almost out of the coulee at E. The cultivated field at F is just beyond the upper edges of the coulees as at G and H. Heavy rains and melting snows will have a tendency to make these coulees work farther and farther back away from the river. Eventually, unless precautions are taken, they are likely to work back into the ploughed field, with serious results. The broken character of the coulees near their upper parts is well shown at J and K which is in contrast to the more rounded aspect farther down. Some of the silt from the upper levels has been brought down to the river bed as at A and L.

This is an example of a youthful type of erosion.

GEOGRAPHY FROM THE AIR

by RALPH PURSER

TO the surveyor, the geologist, the forester, and to others whose work relates to the study of the earth's surface, aerial photographs for use in recording surface data are becoming an old story. For them they provide convenient records of features that existed at the time the photographs were taken, records that may be used for purposes of study at any time thereafter, with or without the aid of specially designed optical instruments.

They are, in effect, portions of the surface terrain in miniature as revealed to the camera at the instant of the camera exposure. Experience and training, naturally, are required to obtain the greatest use from them for technical purposes, along with whatever ground investigation may be necessary. In many cases, a more complete interpretation may be obtained from the photographs than can be obtained on the ground without a very great deal of field study.

Entirely apart from military operations in which they have a vital importance, aerial photographs are useful in many ways. In particular, they have advanced the development of Canada's north country tremendously. Without them, it would be difficult to imagine how the advancement of the past two decades would have been possible. Previously, maps of areas included in the Precambrian Shield, that great U-shaped formation that extends around Hudson Bay and occupies such a large proportion of Canada's domain, were conspicuous for their blank spaces. Expanses of white took the place of all the distinctive surface features characteristic of the world's oldest geological formation as represented in this country.

To-day these features, in all their intricate detail, are being faithfully reproduced in map form, with infinitely less expenditure of effort than would otherwise be required. The mapping of the maze of water features that characterize this region represents an almost hopeless undertaking by the old-time methods of ground survey alone. The labour entailed would have been tremendous, and there would have been in addition extreme difficulty in an accurate presentation of the data.

Uses for aerial photographs associated with its basic use in mapping are of great importance. They reveal at once to the geologist, for instance, areas of rock outcrops where geological investigations may be undertaken. Thus he is immediately

relieved of much arduous travel over the ground in aimless search of such outcrops.

The forester, also, in charting different types of forest cover over a region is immensely benefited by them. With a small amount of ground investigation he can more effectively and more quickly cover the area with which he is concerned.

In the elaboration of water-power information for the purpose of studying possibilities for the utilization and development of power sites, the investigator, by the use of aerial photographs, is able to cover in a short space of time, in effect, areas which would take a very much greater length of time and much more arduous effort to cover on the ground. Preliminary examination of the photographs will enable him to set immediately aside certain portions of the area under investigation and certain features of each, so that he may concentrate his efforts upon those which are more essential to the carrying out of the proposed project.

Other uses could be cited such as, an aid in the location of highways, of railway rights of way, of transmission lines and of canals, in planning city or rural development, in the solution of traffic problems, and in numberless other ways that involve studies of the natural and artificial features of the earth's surface.

One use to which aerial photographs may be put is in the study of physiography. Occasionally outstanding examples of physiographic forms are encountered on aerial photographs that are truly novel in their presentation of the features represented. The three aerial views herewith represent three types of forms associated with rivers and streams and should be of particular interest to the student of geography.

These views were taken with the camera axis pointing vertically downward toward the earth and are accordingly known as vertical aerial views. The original photographs were seven by nine inches in size and were taken from a height of approximately 11,000 feet above the earth's surface. The lettering has been placed upon them for convenience in explaining the features.

For helpful co-operation in dealing with the detailed interpretation of the land forms in each case, I am indebted to D. A. Nichols, Topographical Survey, Bureau of Geology and Topography, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa.



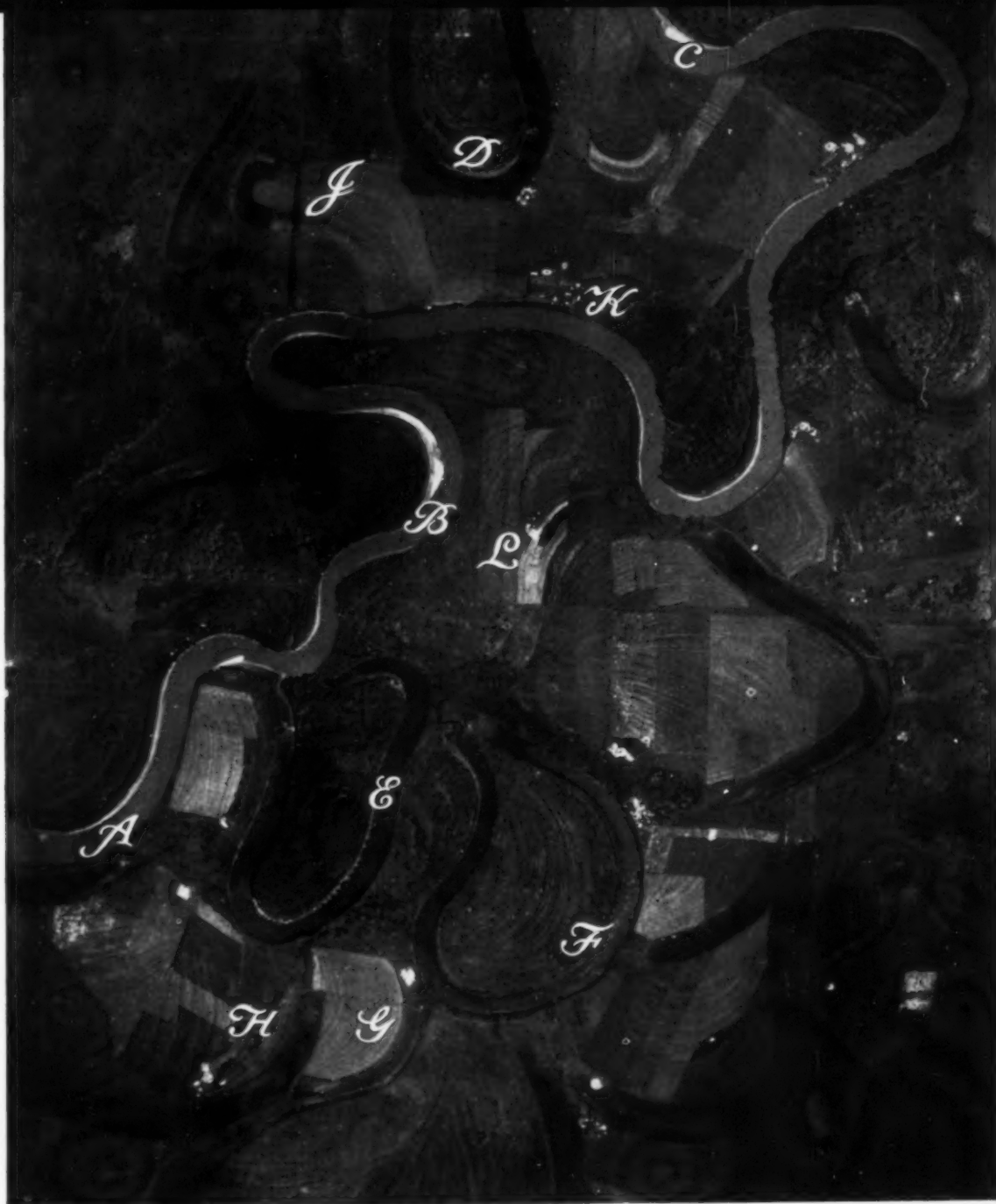
TWIST AND TURN, TURN AND TWIST

Through a chain of water channels lying within its flood plain, through devious ways with many a twist and turn, this little stream and the tributary which joins it meander over the more level lands after leaving a mountain-side. When the rate of flow is abruptly lessened, streams drop the silt that has been carried down from the higher levels. When flood time comes and the action takes on a swifter tempo, the silt is swirled along again to help with its abrasive force in the carving out of new turns and twists, some of which may be cut off eventually to merge with the dry lands alongside. In comparison with man's span of life, it is a never-ending process that produces a never-ending range of patterns.

On the higher terraces there are fields, some of them of partly harvested grain that introduce their own distinctive pattern into the picture. Old meander scars (K) formed when the river was at a higher level, lie back from the present flood plain and a major trail travels along the upland.

Explaining this photograph in greater detail, it is a view of Quirk Creek about seven miles north of the Turner Valley oil-fields in Alberta. The course of the stream follows from B to C. D is a tributary which unites with the main stream at B. The turns and twists of the main stream and its tributary are quite apparent, as well as former channels, some of which have merged with the dry land again, as at E, F and G. The channel at H is more recent, and has the appearance of carrying much water at flood times. The silt brought down from the mountains shows up brightly as it reflects the sun's rays to the camera. The partly harvested field shows up its distinctive pattern at J.

The lower terraces here, on account of their rich soil and proximity to the streams, furnish favourable locations for cultivation. The old meander scars at K, formed when the river was at a higher level, are being now trenced by incipient coulees. The major trails, as at L, lie on the uplands.



OXBOWS PAST AND PRESENT, AND THE STREAM THAT MADE THEM

A physiographic prize picture of its kind, showing a remarkable series of oxbow ponds formed from the cutting off of successive portions of earlier stream channels. Some of them, the more recently formed, evidently contain open water; others, older, are grown up with reeds and marsh grass; and others, older still, are dry. Some, the oldest of all, still show their outlines even after they have been ploughed over. In many cases these last, though plainly discernible from the air, would be difficult to trace out upon the ground. View is of the present and ancient meanders and oxbows of the Pembina River about eight miles north-west of Westlock, Alberta.

Explaining this photograph in greater detail, the present course of the Pembina River is along A, B and C. The flowing water in this stream carries a certain amount of clay and silt in suspension; thus it presents a different appearance to still water where the suspended material has had an opportunity of settling to the bottom. The full deep shade exhibited in the photograph by the oxbow at D appears to indicate that it contains open water; in E and F the photograph appears to indicate that vegetation is growing up in the water. For absolute certainty this would have to be checked on the ground. Some of the other oxbows, either in whole or in part, are quite certainly dry, as for instance those shown at G and H where a trail can be noted crossing their dry beds. At J the outlines of an old oxbow can be discerned even though the field in which it lies has been cultivated. It is unlikely that this outline could be so readily discernible on the ground. The faint curved ridges or "meander furrows", showing throughout the picture result from successive locations of the stream edge. Note that they show up even where the land is cultivated. In several places, as at K and L, there are farm buildings. The former are alongside the Pembina River and the latter alongside an old oxbow. This view is remarkable for both the intricacy of the oxbows and the meander furrows.



An old Quebec silversmith at work in his shop

Drawing by
Marjorie Borden

OLD CANADIAN SILVER

by MARIUS BARBEAU

TWO small silver crosses, discovered in a grave mound in Georgia, once led an American scholar to conclude that the origin of these relics was to be traced back to the de Soto expedition of 1540 across that country; they would be 400 years old. A Toronto archaeologist of a later date presumed that a double-barred cross of the same type dug up in ancient Huronia must have been lost there some time before the dispersion of the Hurons in 1650, that is, during Cardinal Richelieu's regime in France. The initials stamped into the silver apparently supported this theory, as they were CA and RC, at the time taken to mean Cardinal Archbishop and Richelieu Cardinal — Richelieu died in 1642.

A great quantity of ornamental silver — crosses, gorgets, broaches, pins, etc. — has been excavated since from burial mounds and pits in the former territories of the British and the French as far as the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Great Lakes. In recent years, several Wisconsin and Minnesota historians have been interested in the trinket silver discovered in their states, and, as a result, a number of stamped initials have been recorded; and they have aroused speculation. Among the most common of these initials we note: PH, RC, JT, SM, FR, IS, and several others.

The current tendency for many years was to credit the Indians with an old silvercraft of their own, which went back

to European prototypes. But a New York State observer at this stage noticed that "the idea of making silver ornaments such as broaches and earrings had its origin in Europe and not in America", that the so-called Iroquois broach was, in reality, of Scotch or, at least, of British origin, and that broaches of silver, many types of which are similar to Indian varieties, were known in Scotland as 'Luckenbooth broaches'.

American students have since proceeded a step farther in the right direction and their findings may be summed up in Gillingham's words, "Silver medals and ornaments, imported through the Atlantic ports or produced in Philadelphia, soon found their way to the far western Indian settlements". In the period following 1763, a vast amount of small silverware was produced in Philadelphia and a few United States centres for the Indian fur trade, by such craftsmen as have left their mark on sundry pieces recently recovered in burial grounds, among them: Joseph Richardson, Wm. Hollingshead and Philip Syng.

But these makers' marks are far from covering all possibilities. Indeed a list of recovered initials, particularly around and beyond the Great Lakes, are Canadian; some of them even include the names of MONTREAL or QUEBEC. And here we enter our own field.

If we look back, we realize now that the CA and the RC of the early theorists did not mean Cardinal Archbishop and Richelieu Cardinal, but Charles Arnoldi and Robert Cruickshank, both Montreal silversmiths about 1780-1815. And we find further that the two early silver crosses unearthed in Georgia and linked with de Soto's name (400 years old) are nothing but common-place trade crosses of the kind usually stamped MONTREAL and typical of Cruickshank's and Huguët-Latour's handiwork. Research in our archives will clearly establish that, between 1760 and 1830, silver ornaments and trinkets were an important medium of exchange in the western fur trade. The coats and dresses of some Indians, at one time, were loaded down with silver plates, broaches and pins; and as much as a bucketful of silver trinkets are said to have been found in the grave of a single Indian.

Letters written from 1765 to 1788 by A. Dupéron Baby, a Detroit trader, to his

Quebec brother and agent, the Honourable François Baby, cast an interesting side-light on this feature of the fur trade. Thus, in 1768, Baby ordered a silver porringer with its plate, also an ewer. In 1774, he asked for silver ornaments for the trade, consisting of 100 pairs of small ear bobs and ear wheels. The next year, he called for a larger quantity of silverware "real and not falsified" (*réelle et non falsifiée*). To quote him: "If the silverwork is not ready, please note that it should be thin and well polished, yet able to stand engraving. It is advisable to have wide bracelets without rim . . ." In 1779, Baby wrote: "I received the silverwork . . . and it is all very good." Then he qualified his statement with the remark, "As for the silver, it is not polished well enough to stand comparison with what is made in Montreal". In this he was undoubtedly right. The Montreal craftsmen, closely associated with the fur traders of Beaver Hall, very soon had made a specialty of this requirement of the fur trade. Two instances of a later date will suffice to exemplify this:

In 1801, Pierre Huguët (Latour), of Montreal, sold to the North West Company

Large silver reliquary given by the canons of the Chartres Cathedral, France, in 1676, to the Huron mission. Now at Indian Lorette





Old church silver at the Iroquois mission of Caughnawaga. The monstrance dates back to 1668. The chalice and ciborium are presumably Canadian.

Photo by F. J. Topp, Montreal



a large number of ear bobs, ear wheels, wrist bands, arm bands, three sets of coquilles, 200 small crosses, some of them single, others double, common broaches, necklaces, etc. . . . Robert Cruickshank's list for the same year, or any other year, covers half a page of ledger at the total cost of £318.6.10. And in it we notice 7,000 common broaches; a large quantity of small crosses and hearts; 75 turtles, 75 beavers, gorgets, moons, hat bands, etc. . . . According to one account alone, £4,184.3.5 were spent from 1797 to 1801 on trade silver, and of this amount Pierre Huguet received as much as £3,068.9.

Important though it was, this ornamental trade silver was merely a by-product, during a limited time, of an ancient and important Canadian handicraft. The materials recorded in recent years on this handicraft are so abundant and varied that they cannot be readily

One of the few chalices usually described as "Calice Louis XIV". At the Séminaire de Québec

summarized. Yet only an *aperçu* can be given here of the main phases of old Canadian silver. This craft covered a span of nearly two hundred years and began with importations of Parisian and provincial silver for domestic and church purposes; then as early as 1700, if not before, it took root in the country and gave rise, among the French speaking people of Quebec, to a fine local craft that lasted nearly two hundred years until about 1900. After the British conquest, this local pursuit was enriched by the arrival of German and British silversmiths, who, in time, developed into important providers of domestic silver, and met the demands of a flourishing trade. Mention should also be made of a distinct metal and silver craft among the natives of the North Pacific Coast.

Canadian silver in its French and British phases within Canada is still abundantly preserved. Much of it has survived age, wear and destruction, as can be surmised from an incomplete list or *Catalogue Raisonné* of over 1,400 items which I have recorded in the Province of Quebec alone. And this does not include the old French silver imported into Canada during the colonial period or the ornamental silver produced by the natives of the Pacific Coast. The art attained a marked degree of excellence in its French-Canadian field for about two hundred years; also in the brief period of its Pacific Coast activity. In the spheres of trade silver and British and German domestic silver made in Canada, it maintained itself at the usual high level of European silver.

* * *

The ancient Parisian and provincial silver still preserved in Canada is fine and abundant enough to afford a real contribution to the knowledge of this important French art of the past. For it should be remembered that much of the old French silver in France itself was at times melted down because of State requirements; hence, whatever was left of it is now valuable as a means of information. Over 170 pieces, the majority of them marked, already figure on my list for the old parishes and monasteries of the Province of Quebec.

The items on this list consist largely of important church plate, such as reliquaries, monstrances, sanctuary lamps, statuettes, chalices, ciboria, crucifixes, censers, bishops' crooks, candleholders, porringers and ewers. They are found mostly



Father Brébeuf, martyr, 1649. A bust of silver (fifteen inches high) bearing French marks. Now at Hôtel-Dieu, Québec



François Ranvoyzé, Quebec silversmith (1739-1819)
from an oil portrait presumably by François Baillairgé,
circa 1790

at Hôtel-Dieu, at the Ursulines, the Hôpital Général, the Séminaire and the Basilica of Quebec; at the Huron and Iroquois missions of Lorette and Caughnawaga; at Notre-Dame, Montreal, and in the oldest parish churches in the neighbourhood of Quebec and Montreal. The collection of Jesuit church plate, the best of all, was dispersed after the British conquest and is now preserved at the Indian missions, at Hôtel-Dieu and the parish of Ste. Foy, near Quebec.

Four pieces out of this collection will serve as examples: the bust of Father Brébeuf, martyr; the "Chemise de Notre-

Dame" — a reliquary; and the two monstrances of the Lorette and Caughnawaga missions.

The bust of Father Brébeuf (fifteen inches high, eighteen inches wide, eight inches deep) bears French marks which have not yet been identified — a crowned lily, a large I or T in cartouche, etc. As it is now in the keeping of Hôtel-Dieu in Quebec, it was presumably given, about 1790, to the nuns of this institution together with the Jesuit set of embroidered altar garments. It seems to be a portrait-like resemblance of the ancient martyr of the Iroquois, and it must have been made in France for the Jesuits not many years after his martyrdom in 1649.

The reliquary at Indian Lorette, known under the name of "Chemise de Notre-Dame de Chartres 1676", of fair size and weight (*circa* ten inches high by one inch deep), was given at the inscribed date by the canons of the Chartres cathedral in France to the Hurons of Lorette, and was the work of "Thomas Mahon, orfèvre chartrien et graveur". It is a piece of exquisite workmanship with engravings on both sides, representing the Virgin in two familiar scenes. A smaller reliquary called "Virgini paritura", at the same Indian mission, is from the same source.

The monstrances of the two Indian missions of Indian Lorette and Caughnawaga, both fine pieces, bear inscriptions; the Lorette one: "Mont donné pour servir à l'église des Pères Jésuites aux Trois-Rivières, Lan 1664 Claude Prévost antien échevin de la ville de Paris et Elizabeth Legendre, sa femme m'ont donné" (Prévost, ex-alderman of Paris, and his wife have given me for

The Lorette monstrance presented in 1664 by Legendre, ex-alderman of Paris.

Photo by Ramsay Traquair

The gold monstrance of Lislet, Quebec, (about fifteen inches high) by François Ranvoyzé, *circa* 1790



the service of the Jesuit church at Three-Rivers, 1664). The inscription on the Caughnawaga monstrance differs from the Lorette only in these words: "...have given me to the R. R. P. P. Jesuits to honour God in their first Iroquois church in 1668". These pieces, embossed, engraved and decorated in the sumptuous French style of the period, bear the mark of CB under a lily flower, two dots and a crown, which means: Paris, Claude Ballin, 1688 — Ballin was an outstanding Paris silversmith.

Once attention is arrested by this rich field of old French silver in New France, it is difficult to turn so soon to the next period of the art in Canada — that of the earliest Canadian silversmiths. The transition from importation to production was slow and rather uneasy, for the arts of the motherland enjoyed a repute which the local craftsmen could hardly challenge for their own benefit. Yet several trained silversmiths from Paris, Arras and Rouen migrated to Canada before 1700. At first, they barely managed to eke out a living, partly because the coinage and raw silver for making plate and vessels were scarce and the law prohibited defacing coinage. They cleaned, mended and polished the silver from time to time, and provided some of the humbler needs of the churches. A few of them were also merchants.

The lack of patronage in the earliest period, however, did not prevent Michel LeVasseur, at Quebec, about 1705, from

taking apprentices and thus insuring the continuity of the French tradition on this continent.

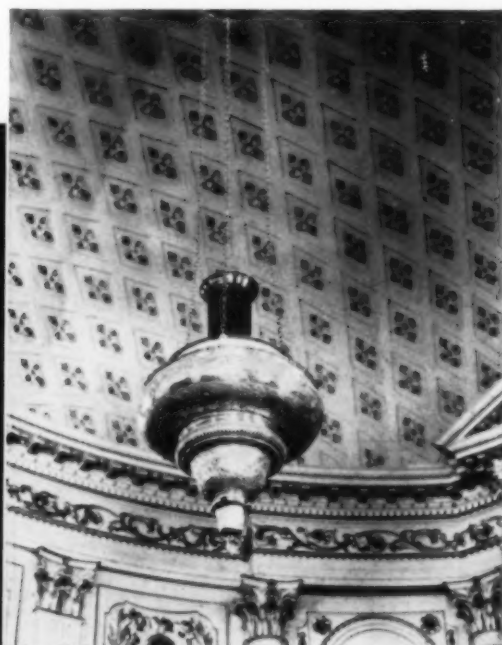
Among the silversmiths of the French colonial period, the one we know best because of the number of pieces with his mark — PL with a lily flower over it — is Paul Lambert called Sieur Saint-Paul, of Quebec, who was the son of Paul of the same name, Arras, France. Most of the thirty pieces under his name in our *Catalogue Raisonné* are of comparative importance, being chalices, a bishop's crook, ciboria, a sanctuary lamp, ewers, porringers, etc. His best work, at Indian Lorette and Hôtel-Dieu, show the excellence of his art, which remains thoroughly French. Current patterns and decorations in *repoussé* and engraving are characterized in his hands by a marked freedom and a delightful home-like originality. He may be considered the leading master silversmith of New France, and coming next only to the later craftsmen François Ranvozyé and Laurent Amiot.

The loosening of the ties with France after the British conquest, in 1759, fostered the autonomous development of the craft, first in Quebec and, later, in Montreal. A true follower of his French and Canadian predecessors, François Ranvozyé (working dates, 1771-1816) became the leading figure of the Quebec school. His mark FR so far has been recorded on no less than 200 church vessels and items, and over 280 pieces altogether may be ascribed to him. And much of his work, as well as the other early craftsmen, was recast when worn down

Part of the church silver set at the church of St. Augustin, by François Ranvozyé

Crucifix (over twenty inches high) by François Ranvozyé. Church of St. Augustin, Portneuf

Large sanctuary lamp in the church of St-Jean-Port-Joli, by Ranvozyé





Top:—(From the left)—Chalice by Paul Morand (working dates, 1819-1836)—owner Mrs. F. M. G. Johnson; Holy water pail, Pierre Huguët-Latour, 1749-1817—McCord Museum; Soup tureen, Laurent Amiot (1764-1839)—Mrs. T. Thompson; Holy water pail, Salomon Marion (working dates, 1816-1832); Coffee pot, Laurent Amiot—Mrs. Andrew Allen

Centre:—(From the left)—Censer by François Ranvozyé—Mr. Henry Birks; censer by Pierre Huguët-Latour—McCord Museum; ciborium by the same—Mr. Paul Gouin; censer by Ranvozyé—Mrs. F. M. G. Johnson

Above:—(From the top)—Ladle by Laurent Amiot—John Langdon; *écuelles* by Paul Lambert (1691-1749)—Mrs. Basil Hingston; by Roland Paradis (1696-1754)—Mlle Jean Baby; by D (?)—Mrs. Jack Watson; by U. R. (?)—Mrs. Charles Watson; porringer by Jean Amiot (circa 17...-18...)—Mr. Cleveland Morgan; large basting spoon by Ignace-François Delezenne, Quebec (1717-1767)—Mlle Baby

Photos by F. J. Topp

or damaged or otherwise destroyed, for he was an industrious worker during his career which covered nearly forty-five years. His style, decorative treatment, *repoussé* and engraving, also the incidental casting of figures, make of Ranvoyzé an artist rather than a mere craftsman. He was a past master in his calling, and a creative worker who has decidedly left his mark in Canada. And he is the only Canadian craftsman who also was a goldsmith — a few important church vessels of gold by him are still preserved at the Lislet parish church down the St. Lawrence.

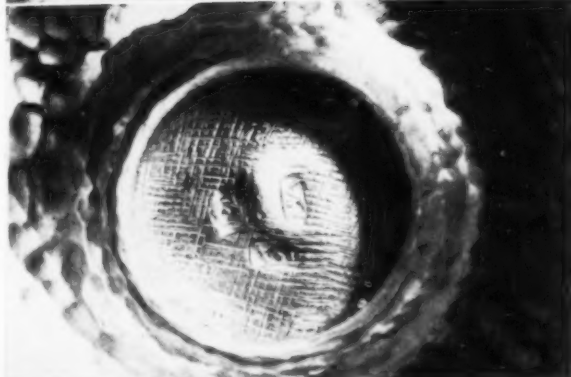
But, unlike most of the others, he may not have trained apprentices, with the exception of Laurent Amiot whom, because of jealousy, he dismissed before the end of training. Amiot would not be defeated in his ambition to be his master's rival. In 1783, he proceeded to Paris, where he completed his training. Returning to Quebec, he started on the longest and most prolific career of his time—more than fifty years (working dates, 1785-1839), during which he produced hundreds of church and domestic pieces of fine quality and dignified style. We know of over 400 pieces that either bear his mark or can be ascribed to him.

In spite of the smooth elegance and perfect grace of his church plate, Amiot remains, to a marked extent, Ranvoyzé's follower and imitator. Yet his silver is individual enough to be recognizable at sight, and he created a few models which became the fashion among his heirs and successors who have followed each other in his shop and estate until the death of Ambroise Lafrance. Lafrance almost belongs to our time—he died about 1910.

If Canadian silvercraft in the eighteenth century was largely a Quebec achievement, the demands of the fur trade for ornamental silver after 1780 brought about new developments, particularly in Montreal, which then became an important centre for silver work in the country. The growing British influence there, particularly because of Robert Cruickshank, did not interfere with the vitality of the French tradition in church silver. It only introduced new elements in domestic silver. And we find a few silversmiths there whose work, after 1800, compares well with their Quebec contemporaries, for instance: Pierre Hugué-Latour, Salomon Marion and Paul Morand.

The British element in Quebec and Montreal, after the conquest of Canada, was at first satisfied with importations from the motherland. Its earliest jewellers, watchmakers and silversmiths were chiefly importers who advertised the newest London creations received via the last sailing ships; in particular, Isaac Clemens, engraver and silversmith; Cummings and Douglas, and William Frankling, all of Quebec about 1781. Yet some of them at least were practising craftsmen, as is shown in the following advertisement published in 1822 in the *Quebec Directory*: "James Smillie hopes by strict attention added to a thorough knowledge of the business (having wrought in the first shops of Edinburg & London many years) to merit a continuance of public patronage."

Robert Cruickshank (1777-1809), the most important silversmith and merchant of them all, arrived in Montreal as early



Makers' marks on silver; the top piece with the Paris mark for 1748-9; the lowest with L. A. (Laurent Amiot, Quebec)



C. & J. ALLEN C. & J. A.

A. & R.

I. & A.

C. & A.
T. & S.

BIRKS BIRKS BIRKS BIRKS B. & CO
BIRKS BIRKS

W. & S.

MILSKY & CO.

F. & A. DUDRY

M. & S. & CO.

J. & S.

A. & B.

W. & S.

S. & S.

M. & S. & CO.

M. & S. & CO.

W. & S. & CO.

STERLING SILVER

J. CORNELIUS

W. & S.

D. & S.

W. & S.

W. & S.

J. & S. & CO.

S. & S.

ALLAN & FRASER

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W. & S. C. & O.

POULIN

DELTON

REY

S. & S.

POSENTHAL

A. & R.

S. & S.

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Mgr. Pontbriant's bishop's crook, circa 1740, now in the museum of the Notre-Dame Church, Montreal, bearing French marks. Plate on which are makers' marks, mostly of Montreal (1820-1890), collected by Robert Hendery. Now in the possession of Henry Birks & Sons

as 1775 and, like his local *confrères*, he took apprentices, for instance, Frédéric Delisle, the son of a French protestant pastor, in 1795. In the deed Cruickshank agreed to take young Delisle as an apprentice "afin d'apprendre l'art et le commerce d'orfèvrerie" (to learn the art and the trade of silvercraft). It was further specified that the term of training would last seven years and that, during this period, the apprentice would refrain from participating in dice, card and other prohibited games; that he would not go to the theatres and the inns; that, by day or night, he would not leave his patron's house or shop without permission, nor marry. And Joseph Frobisher, his guardian, promised to give him every year a complete suit of clothes. We may presume William Delisle, listed in the Montreal census for 1831 as a silversmith and whose mark has been recovered, to have been related to him — he may have been his son.

The contribution of Germany and Switzerland to early Canadian silvercraft is not easy to estimate; it was not considerable, yet cannot be overlooked.

Two Swiss silversmiths arrived at Halifax and settled there as early (soon after 1749) as Richard Walker and Isaac Gandon, both English goldsmiths; these were, Michel Mendie, from Geneva, and Andrew Mercie. At a much later date, in 1855, John Cornelius, who was to become an important craftsman in Halifax (he retired as late as 1905), came to Canada via France, England and New York, where he must have perfected his training. And after his retirement he was succeeded by his son, Herman, under the name of Cornelius and Company. (But here we are invading the domain of Mr. John Langdon, of Montreal, who has made a study of maritime silver).

In Quebec and Montreal, the German element was represented even before 1770 and thereafter by Jonas Schindler, in Quebec, and the Arnoldis, and the Bohles (often changed to Beaulé), in Montreal. The Arnoldis, three of them — Pierre, Michel and Charles — were interested chiefly, like Schindler, in the making of trade silver; yet they were occasionally able to provide some good church and domestic silver.

The fur trade provided such a boost for silvercraft in Montreal that, in the census for 1818, we find the mention of seven silversmith shops (*maisons d'orfèvres*)

whose owners' names are not given, and six clock or watchmakers — most of these undoubtedly employing hired hands and apprentices.

A few Montreal silversmiths and jewelers, from the time of George Savage — that is, 1815 (Savage was a trained watchmaker of Huddersfield, England) —, opened shops in Montreal and began to build up a clientele and a business that slowly progressed through the following hundred years. They found, locally, British, French-Canadian and German working silversmiths, such as the Arnoldis, the Bohles, and others, whom they, in some instances, brought into their service. The list of these workers and small merchants is considerable. In all we have so far noted the names of over sixty British and other silversmiths in both Quebec and Montreal, from 1780 to about 1900.

Savage, father and son, John Walker, Nelson Walker, W. Learmont, Robert Hendery and others entered the service of, or competed with, organizations that in the end controlled most of the field. These merchant-jewellers were G. Savage and Son, Savage and Lyman and Company, and finally Henry Birks and Sons.

Henry Birks, who has, since 1890, extended his business throughout Canada, issued from a family of ancient Yorkshire makers of cutlery in Sheffield. From 1857 onward, he was a Montreal clerk at Savage and Lyman's. After this momentary gap in the traditional calling of his family, he reverted to it, not as a working craftsman, but as a highly successful organizer of the silver trade from coast to coast.

John Leslie, in Ottawa, C. & J. Allen and J. E. Ellis & Co., of Toronto (Ellis's mark: *J. Ellis* between two lions passant), Wanless and a few others, for many years practised their calling. Toronto and Montreal are now the largest silver manufacturing centres in Canada. The Ellis firm of Toronto in the business since 1879 under the caption of P. W. Ellis Company, was headed by P. W. and M. C. Ellis; Roden Brothers, also of Toronto, now a large concern, go back to Thomas and Frank Roden, silver craftsmen of Birmingham, who came to this country in 1881 and 1885 and began using the name of Roden Bros. on their ware in 1891.

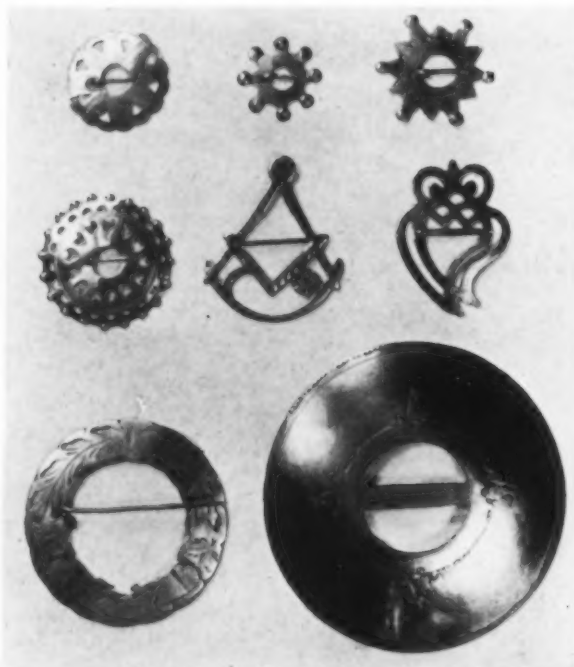
Quebec and Montreal silversmiths numbered no less than 140 in all, over 80 of them French-speaking and over 60, English. Our catalogue of names comprises: (a)



Communion plate of the Cathedral of Holy Trinity, Quebec. The second and third pieces from the lower left were given by King George III shortly after the Battle of Quebec (1759); the other items, at a later date, by King George III.



Three crucifixes recovered among the Indians or in burial grounds. Left:—marked by CA (Charles Arnoldi, Montreal); centre:—marked ET (?); right:—? Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, N.Y.



Quebec and Montreal silversmiths of French extraction, (b) Montreal and Quebec silversmiths, jewellers and watchmakers of British and other extractions, and (c) Ontario jewellers and silversmiths, the list of whom is no doubt quite incomplete. And this does not include the silversmiths of Halifax and St. John, of whom John Langdon has already listed about 40, or those of the West, of whom there were not a few.

* * *

The ornamental silver and gold of the North Pacific Coast consisting of bracelets, brooches, pins and head decorations with totem-like designs, belong to an entirely different background, and the Indian craftsmen of the totem-pole country practising it form a group by themselves. Their art, which is purely decorative, is quite remarkable; it is unique. It is the latest development in the recent growth of a native art that is nowhere else surpassed for originality and refinement of stylization. Yet it can be traced back to various contributing sources, the most obvious of which in so far as metals, tools and methods are concerned, were the Russians who occupied the Alaskan coast for nearly a hundred years (down to 1866).

The majority of the native silver and goldsmiths were Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Island; but there were other skilful craftsmen on the adjacent main coast, particularly among the Tsimshyan of the Skeena and Nass Rivers and the Tlingit of Alaska. Even among the Tsimshyan most of the silver ornaments collected for the museums or privately were attributed to Haida makers, which shows that the art, quite restricted in its scope and distribution, must have originated in one place, and spread only through direct contact between the natives.

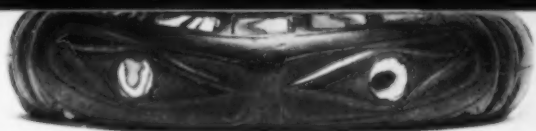
The great repute of Haida bracelet-makers, of Charles Edenshaw in particular, has rather obscured the real source of the art, which lies to the north as far as Sitka. Edenshaw was, for many years, the outstanding carver and silver engraver of the country, and he had not a few imitators among his own people, even to the present day. Yet we find that Sitka Jack and his wife, of Sitka, the Russian capital in Alaska, were virtually his forerunners and that their work, not a few specimens of

Brooches and pins typical of the Indian trade; the brooch to the lower left is marked F.R. (François Ranvoyzé). Collection of the National Museum of Canada

which have been recovered, was not a whit inferior to Edenshaw's, indeed excelled it in most ways. And Sitka Jack's technique in embossing, engraving and soldering can be traced back to the Slavs, just as some of his tools presumably were, at least imitatively. Sitka, it should be remembered, was the Russian capital on the coast and it was the centre of metal crafts on the whole Pacific Coast as far south as California. The earliest church bells and agricultural machinery of California were, indeed, obtained at Sitka in exchange for farm produce. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that a few Tlingit natives, in the course of time, became interested in metal smithing — in copper and iron first, then in silver and gold, which they often inlaid with abalone shells or silver with gold.

Silver and gold smithing for a time flourished among the coast and interior natives because of the difficulty experienced in safeguarding coins in open houses or in the wilderness by Indians who often were paid in species for their furs. It was expedient, for instance, to have twenty or ten dollars gold pieces hammered out into bracelets, which the engraved crests of the owners made recognizable to every one at sight. Thus some old women until recently would treasure their savings in the form of bracelets and broaches which they proudly donned on ceremonial occasions to the envy of their less thrifty children and grandchildren.

This native silver work since 1880 was mostly restricted to bracelet and broach-making, although it previously included headdress adornments. It involves only little embossing in hammering out gold and silver coinage into narrow convex bands, highly polished and rather thin, and into varied rounded or disk-like surfaces



(1)—Bracelet of copper with abalone shell inlays. Older than any of the Haida and Tlingit silver work. Collection of Walter C. Waters, Wrangell, Alaska

(2)—Haida silver bracelet attributed to Charles Edenshaw, of Massett, Queen Charlotte Island (circa 1885). (Barbeau collection)

(3)—Two silver bracelets attributed to Sitka Jack, of Sitka (Alaska), circa 1880, representing a bird; the lower one with eyes and wing bones inlaid with gold. (Now owned by Mrs. Gillett, Prince Rupert)

(4)—Iroquois silversmith and his tools, of Grand River, Ontario. Photo by F. W. Waugh, about 1915



with soldered pin attachment. As the engraving of ornamental patterns on the outer surface was customary, it called for great skill in the engraver, and drew upon the resources of other pictorial arts; it absorbed with slight transformation the current stylization of totemic or heraldic figures on totem poles, in house-front paintings and in all sorts of domestic and ceremonial objects; in this, it is wholly derivative yet aboriginal. Thus the most familiar engravings are the Eagle, the Raven, the Grizzly-Bear, the Black-fish, the Beaver, the Shark and the Frog, and their variations; and these are the crests of the makers or of the owners; at the time of their making, the crest system no longer was strictly enforced. A very few of the patterns were not heraldic nor even native; they were borrowed from the white people; for instance, the American Eagle, floral scrolls and common fret designs.

The decoration of the silver work among the Haidas, the Tlingits and coast Tsimshians conforms to standards that are consistently carried out, as the engravers used a stock of conventional patterns and symbols into which they injected new life and incessant variations — no two pieces ever being quite alike. The first requirement was that the whole outer polished surface must be filled to the edge with the design; in other words, that the animal or figure must be made to fit within the small and rigid space available. The features and the limbs of the totemic animals must be either enlarged in proportion with the rest, or boldly reduced or torn apart. Thus the head and face of the grizzly-bear may occupy one-third of the space, one side of the whole body another third, and the other side the remaining third; or elsewhere, the head of the raven may form one end of a narrow bracelet, two tail feathers the other end, and the body between them may be represented by slender twin rows of conventional feathers and hour-glass-like sections of the backbone. Sometimes the head in the centre is shown twice, back

to back, or face to face, and the two split halves of the body are almost always spread out in opposite directions on each side of the head or the repeated heads.

Interesting conventions, besides, help in the decorative treatment of limbs or in filling empty spaces. The joints are represented by eye-like patterns; that is why eyes or ovals stand for the elbows, the legs, or join the claws or the wing feathers together at the top; conventionalized ears, nostrils, teeth, fins, claws, ribs, tails, feathers, back-bone rings — some of them doubled up — are adroitly disposed wherever space-filling requires them; and, in some instances, the whole field is given up to such symbols now torn away from their natural associations and thereby stripped of any meaning.

Technical devices, together with the tools, were obviously borrowed from the white craftsmen who, somehow, must have helped in the first stages of the native craft; for instance, fine hatching and checkered lines diagonally intercrossing, to form a shaded background; incised or slightly depressed small surfaces and wide lines; some floral and scroll-like ornaments of exotic appearance.

The work of Canadian gold and silver-smiths, as may now be seen in retrospect, was almost as varied as the people themselves: Indian, French, British . . . The French, in their church plate, followed the traditions of the motherland, yet in their New World isolation they developed individual traits because of the environment; the British remained more definitely traditional in their domestic silver; yet they did not fail to meet the requirements of the fur trade in the trinket and ornamental articles for the Indians. And last of all, the North Pacific Coast natives, taking their cue from the Slavs, after 1850, adapted their totemic designs to gold and silver surfaces and became remarkably fine engravers. Their splendid treatment of these precious metals stands out as one of the most original forms of decorative art in our country.



The beaver and scroll design on a Tsimshian bracelet of the North Pacific Coast, now owned by Walter E. Walker, Vancouver

Drawing by Elizabeth M. Walker

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Mrs. Joan Woolcombe, London, England, well-known writer on social welfare subjects, has travelled extensively by air in European countries. A Londoner born, she received her early education in a private school, later attended universities at Oxford, Paris and Italy. Her article "The East Anglian Background" is the result of thirty years' experience of a herring fishing village. Her East Anglian home is in use for war purposes, located as it is in a village where about eighty-five per cent of its adult males and a large proportion of its younger women are serving with H. M. forces. At present Mrs. Woolcombe is engaged in A.R.P. work in London and doing, with Lord Horder, the Country Hospitality Scheme, of which she was the founder; also other war-time activities.

Aida B. McAnn, M. A., Columbia, whose article in the Journal on the development of handicraft in New Brunswick elicited such wide comment, makes a further contribution, "The Friendly Isles of Fundy", following several years' post graduate study of New Brunswick's history and folklore. The author is now engaged by the Department of Education as Editor of "Forum".

Eva Bradford Beckett, writer of "Our Northern Historic Route" is a graduate of Lachute Academy and Macdonald College, Quebec. She was born at Lachute where her family, the Bradfords, had come as pioneers over a century and a quarter ago. History is in her blood — the Rev. Richard Bradford, her great great grandfather, being in 1805, the first clergyman resident in Argenteuil county. The writer's family background together with her work as teacher in various points from Shigawake on the Gaspé Coast to a pioneer settlement in Northern Saskatchewan provides further equipment for an appreciative treatment of her subject.

Ralph Purser, Dominion and Ontario Land Surveyor of wide field experience in various parts of Canada provides an instructive article on the use and interpretation of aerial photographs. The writer draws on his long experience in charge of government surveys of all types.

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Dr. Marius Barbeau, Rhodes Scholar, studied Anthropology at Oxford and is an authority on conditions in his native province of Quebec as well as a student of the manners and customs of Indian tribes in British Columbia. A member of the National Museum of Canada, he has published many books on the Indians and the white settlers of Canada, their arts, music, folklore and history. Dr. Barbeau is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

EDITORIAL

WHY BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

We have read what the economist has to say of why each and every one of us, in duty bound, should purchase War Savings Certificates — we have listened to the air waves' repeated voice pleading for nation-wide action to provide the needed dollars for an all-out Canadian contribution, but, to most, the call that pulls at the heart strings will yield the hard earned dollars for a cause that touches the hidden springs within. To our readers yet untouched, I would commend the reading of the contribution of East Anglian mothers — their men, sons and daughters in their "Fight for Freedom" as told by Joan Woolcombe in this issue who writes: "I have personal experience of every sort of bomb and bombardment and am still determined to see it through — and in London; and I think that goes for every one of the eight million of ordinary folk like myself."

THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

ANNUAL MEETING - 1941

The twelfth Annual Meeting of The Canadian Geographical Society was held on February 19 in the Lecture Hall, Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa, Mr. C. G. Cowan, Vice-President, presiding in the absence of the President, Dr. Charles Camsell.

In opening his address, Mr. Cowan advised the members present that Dr. Charles Camsell, President for the past twelve years, had expressed his desire to relinquish the office this year. The Chairman paid glowing tribute to Dr. Camsell, the first President of the Society, as one who had given invaluable service to its development.

In reviewing the progress of the Society during the past year, the Chairman stated that it had again been possible to apply a substantial credit balance to the Society's operating capital after having purchased three five hundred dollar War Bonds and adding to the Geographical Research Fund. Membership had shown an increase, over 2,000 new members having been added to the roll during the year, more than offsetting the temporary cessation due to foreign conditions and war-time economy at home. He remarked on the degree to which the Journal is read and circulated as being in even greater evidence than in previous years, one Journal often making the circuit of home, church, school, library or to our forces overseas. He stated that the Society was privileged to donate some 9,000 copies of the Journal to our troops at home and abroad, also some 50 complete sets of the last three years' issues for circulating library use for reading rooms and recreation huts of the active forces. In the dissemination of geographical knowledge, the Society's publications played a major part. During the year 174,950 copies of the Journal and 420,700 copies of some thirteen reprints were published and found their way throughout Canada and to the far corners of the world. In pursuance of the Society's editorial policy of recording appropriately events of particular Canadian significance, special attention was devoted to the preparation and publication of articles related to Canada's war effort and others dealing with countries in the theatre of war. The promotion of geographical research apart from publications was effected in various ways. The Society had again granted a studentship in geography which was awarded for the second time to Miss Nadine Hooper, 1939 graduate in Arts of the University of Toronto. The award contributes to the continuation of her post graduate studies in geography, under the supervision of Dr. Griffith Taylor, Professor of Geography at the University of Toronto. A second educational film "Primitive Transportation in Eastern Canada" was undertaken under the auspices of the Society, and again, as in the case of our 1939 kodachrome film "History of Power in Canada", under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Crawley. The production, a two-reel film with sound accompaniment, will be completed this spring. During the year three lectures were delivered in Ottawa by Rosita Forbes, one directly under the auspices of the Society and two under the joint auspices of the Society and the National Council of Education.

The Chairman expressed the deep regret of the Society in recording the passing of Dr. O. D. Skelton, who as a Director for many years gave unstintingly of his services to promote the welfare of the Society.

Tribute was paid by Mr. Cowan to all those who had contributed to the success of the Society during the past year, special mention being made of the Directors and the members of the various Standing Committees for the time and attention they had given so freely to the Society's affairs, also of the fine work of the Executive Secretary and Editor, Gordon Dallyn.

The appreciation of the Society was expressed to the Canadian Press for the many references in their editorial columns to articles published in the Journal and consequent extension of the aims and objects of the Society.

The following Directors whose term of office expired this year were re-elected to the Board: Mr. F. C. C. Lynch, Mr. E. S. Martindale, Mr. K. A. Greene, Dr. C. M. Barbeau, Dr. A. Beaulac, Dean C. J. Mackenzie, Ottawa; Hon. D. A. McArthur, Toronto, and Lt.-Col. S. C. Oland, Halifax.

The business meeting was followed by a happy address from Mr. John Grierson, Government Film Commissioner, who outlined the character of the films now being produced under government sponsorship, special reference being made to the feature film "The Peoples of Canada", an Associated Screen News Studio picture produced under the direction of Gordon Spaulding, which received its national premiere showing following the address and proved, as Mr. Grierson stated, to be "a lovely production". Three other short films, two silent of a type designed for school instruction "Farmers of the Prairies" and "Waterways of Canada", and a sound film "Iceland" completed the programme.

Immediately after the showing of these films, the Board of Directors met and elected the following officers for 1941: Honorary Presidents: Dr. Charles Camsell, Ottawa, and Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, Toronto; President: Mr. George J. Desbarats, Ottawa; Vice-Presidents: Mr. Charles G. Cowan, Ottawa; Lt.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, England; Honourable W. A. Buchanan, Lethbridge; Dr. R. C. Wallace, Kingston, and Mr. J. A. Wilson, Ottawa; Honorary Secretary: Mr. E. S. Martindale, Ottawa; Honorary Treasurer: Mr. K. G. Chipman, Ottawa; Honorary Counsel: Mr. O. M. Biggar, K.C., Ottawa.